

THE  
TEMPLE.  
SACRED POEMS,  
AND  
PRIVATE EJA-  
CULATIONS.

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of Cambridge.

*The fifth Edition.*

PSAL. 29.

*In his Temple doth every man  
speak of his honour.*



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## The Printers to the Reader.

**T**He dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majesty* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more then is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of *Trinitie Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and his Oratourship in the *Universitie*, together with that knowledge which the kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at Gods Altar, then to seek the ho-

nour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master.*

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruined almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof, having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ*: Otherwise then in this respect he could find nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour;

*Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.*







## ¶ The Dedication.

**L**Ord, my first-fruits present themselves to thee ;  
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,  
And must return. Accept of them and me,  
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.  
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain :  
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.





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# The Church-porch.

## *Perirrhanterium.*

**T**Hou, whose sweet youth and early hopes  
 inance  
 Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a  
 treasure;  
 Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance  
 Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.  
 A verse may finde him, who a sermon flies,  
 And turn delight into a sacrifice,

Beware of lust: it doth pollute and soul  
 Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood.  
 It blots the lesson written in thy soul;  
 The holy lines cannot be understood.  
 How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,  
 Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord  
 Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;  
 But gladly welcome what he doth afford;  
 Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stayes.  
 Continnence hath his joy: weigh both; and so  
 If rottenesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly  
 Man would have been th'incloser: but since now  
 God hath impal'd us, on the contrary  
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough  
 O what were man, might he himself <sup>in</sup> ~~not~~ those fea-  
 Sure to be crosse he would shift feet <sup>there</sup> ~~thers~~.

in place!  
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A

By

*The Church-porch.*

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,  
 When once it is within thee ; but before  
 Mayst rule it, as thou list : and poure the shame,  
 Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.  
 It is most just to throw that on the ground,  
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill  
 Bigge with his sister : he hath lost the reins,  
 Is outlawd by himself : all kind of ill  
 Did with his liquour slide into his veins.  
 The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deuest  
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung mind,  
 Lose all mine own ? God hath giv'n me a measure  
 Short of his canne and body : must I find  
 A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?  
 Stay at the third glasse : if thou lose thy hold,  
 Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room,  
 ( All in a shipwrack shift their severall way )  
 Let not a common ruine thee intombe :  
 Be not a beast in courtesie ; but stay,  
 Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.  
 Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonneffe,  
 Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glorie.  
 Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse ;  
 But boasts, shuts that out of his storie :  
 Warre with God, and doth defie  
 Clod of earth the spacious skie.

Take

*But he that  
 he makes the  
 with his youth*



## *The Church-porch.*

3

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :  
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.  
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :  
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice  
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing:  
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein  
Omit the oarhes, which true wit cannot need ;  
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.  
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.  
Play not away the vertue of that name,  
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame?

The cheapest sinnes most dearly punisht are ;  
Because to shun them also is so cheap :  
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.  
O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.  
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :  
Pride and full sinnes have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;  
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie  
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.  
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie  
Against thee : for his light was onely lent. (them  
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those fea-  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:  
 If studious, copie fair what time hath blurr'd;  
 Redeem truth from his jaws: if souldier,  
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword  
 Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,  
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England full of sinne, but most of sloth!  
 Spit out thy fl-gme, and fill thy breast with glory:  
 Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth  
 Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy story:  
 Not that they all are so; but that the most  
 Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.  
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne:  
 Some mark a partridge, never their childes fashion:  
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.  
 Studie this art, make it thy great designe;  
 And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed  
 A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby:  
 Or els they breed them tender, make them need  
 All that they leave: this is flat povertie.  
 For he that needs five thousand pound to live,  
 Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill  
 His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches:  
 For wealch without contentment, climbs a hill  
 To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.  
 But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,  
 Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

## *The Church-porch.*

5

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)  
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.

Constancie knits the bones, and makes us stowre,  
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:

What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:

Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.

Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:

Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:

Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call;

Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;

And say withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,

Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?

Houses are built by rule, and common wealths.

Entice the trustie sunne, if that you can,

From his Ecliptick line; becken the skie.

Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,

Whose every parcell under-writes a law.

Lose nor thy self, nor give thy humours way:

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.  
 Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.  
 Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:  
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
 He breaks up house, turns out of doores his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give  
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.  
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;  
 Then live, and use it: else, it is not true  
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make  
 Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,  
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,  
 As the day lessens, and his life with it.  
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;  
 Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;  
 Left gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme  
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devil;  
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.  
 Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick  
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold  
 About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;  
 Take starres for money; starres not to be told  
 By any art, yet to be purchased.  
 None is so wastfull as the scraping dame:  
 She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

## *The Church-porch.*

7

By no means runne in debt : take thine own measure.  
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,  
Cannot on fourtie : he's a man of pleasure,  
A kind of thing that's for it self too deare.

The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,  
And spares himself, but would his tayler chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes  
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,  
Would have their tale beleeved for their oathes,  
And are like emptie vessels under sail.

Old couriers know this : therefore set out so,  
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.  
Wisdomes a trimmer thing then shop e're gave,  
Say not then, This with that lace will do well ;  
But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing  
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

• Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more  
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart ;  
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore :  
Servants and churches also play their part.

Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,  
Finds his crackt name at length in the church-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deare a rate,  
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost :  
Dost lose ? rise up : dost winne ? rise in that state.  
Who strive to fit out losing hands, are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace  
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In Conversation boldnesse now bears sway.  
 But know that nothing can so foolish be;  
 As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay  
 To stuff thy minde with solid bravery;  
 Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth,  
 Boldnesse gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre?  
 Then keep such company; make them thy allay:  
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.  
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.  
 Command thy self in chief. He lifes warre knows,  
 Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak  
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.  
 Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:  
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;  
 And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;  
 And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,  
 'Tis a thin web, which poysonous fancies make:  
 But the great souldiers honour was compos'd  
 Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.  
 Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.  
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs least:  
 For wit is news onely to ignorance.  
 Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest  
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.  
 Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly  
 That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,  
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse.  
These are the scum, with which course wits abound:  
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.  
All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain  
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking  
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.  
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking :  
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.  
Many affecting wit beyond their power,  
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,  
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.  
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection  
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.  
Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,  
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse:  
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take  
Nothing from thine: in service, care or coldnesse  
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.  
Feed no man in his sinnes : for adulation  
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatnesse : for thou mak'st thereby  
Thy self the worse, and so the distance greater.  
Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousie,  
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,  
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite;  
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate  
 The place its honour, for the persons sake,  
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;  
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.  
 I care not though the cloth of State should be  
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie.

Thy friend put in thy bosome: wear his eyes  
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.  
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;  
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear:  
 But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,  
 Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.  
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give  
 My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather  
 Both friends should die, then hinder them to live.  
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;  
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground  
 Submit to love; but yet not more then all.  
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound  
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.  
 God made me one man; love makes me no more,  
 Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,  
 All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie.  
 Usefulnessse comes by labour, wit by ease;  
 Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.  
 Get a good stock of these, then draw the card:  
 That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice



Entice all neatly to wharthey know best ;  
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure :  
( But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,  
Rather then shew his cards ) steal from his treasure  
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock  
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all  
That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,  
And give men turns of speech : do not forestall  
By lavishnesse thine own and others wit,  
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest  
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fiercenesse makes  
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie. .  
Why should I feel another mans mistakes  
More then his sicknesses or povertie ?  
In love I should : but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdom neither : therefore gently move.

Calmnesse is great advantage : he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets ;  
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.  
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there  
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes : for many are  
Full of themselves, and answer their own notions,  
Take all into thee ; then with equall care  
Balance each dramme of reason, like a potion.  
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :  
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be usefull where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.  
 Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way  
 To compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,  
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse  
 To that one joy of doing kindnesse.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;  
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:  
 Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky,  
 Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.  
 A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse  
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,  
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.  
 Slacknesse breeds worms; but the sure traveller,  
 Though he alight somerimes, still goeth on.  
 Active and stirring spirits live alone.  
 Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be  
 In love or honour: take account of all;  
 Shine like the sunne in every corner: see  
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.  
 Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;  
 And to instruct them, will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;  
 (Love is a present for a mighty king)  
 Much lesse make any one thine enemy.  
 As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.  
 The cunning workman never doth refuse  
 The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All forrein wifdome doth amount to this,  
To take all that is given; whether wealth,  
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiffe:  
A good digestion turneth all to health:  
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,  
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize  
All forrein of that name; but scorn their ill;  
Embrace their aſtivenesse, not vanities.  
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.  
If thou observeſt ſtrangers in each fit,  
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,  
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.  
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſſe  
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt houre.  
Let thy minds ſweetneſſe have his operation  
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.  
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give  
Onely thy ſingle market-money for it.  
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.  
Give to all ſomething; to a good poore man,  
Til thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is  
Chriſts ſtamp to boot: both images regard.  
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:  
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou ſhalt be heard.  
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate  
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:  
 A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.  
 Sundayes observe: think, when the bells do chime,  
 'Tis angels musick; therefore come not late.  
 God then deals blessings: If a king did so,  
 Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;  
 For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.  
 Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,  
 Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.  
 Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croffe.  
 Fast when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,  
 Yet publick hath more promises, more love:  
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a signe.  
 We all are but cold suiters; let us move  
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;  
 Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.  
 God is more there than thou: for thou art there.  
 Onely by his permission. Then beware,  
 And make thy self all reverence and fear.  
 Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.  
 All equall are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:  
 Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;  
 Stray not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost.  
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest  
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,  
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,  
And send them to thine heart ; that spying sinne,  
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :  
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in,  
Who marks in church-time others symmetrie,  
Makes all their beaurie his deformitie.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part :  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.  
Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou thy heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together  
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well :  
For churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge :  
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him nor.  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speak something good : if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.  
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.  
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine  
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expression :  
How knowst thou but thy sinnes made him miscarrie ?  
Then turn thy faults and his into confession :  
God sent him, whatsoe're he be : O tarry,  
And love him for his Master : his condition,  
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,  
As those who mock at Godsway of salvation.  
Whom oyl and balsams kill, what salve can cure?  
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.  
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.  
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay  
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.  
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.  
Deferre not the least vertue: lifes poore span  
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.  
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:  
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.



## ¶ Superliminare.

**T**Hou, whom the former precepts have  
 Sprinkled, and taught how to behave  
 Thy self in church; approach, and taste  
 The churches mysticall repast.

---

**A**Void profanenesse, come not here:  
 Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,  
 Or that which groweth to be so,  
 May at his peril further go.



¶ The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,  
 Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,  
 Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;  
 No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone  
 Is such a stone,  
 As nothing but  
 Thy power doth cut.  
 Wherefore each part  
 Of my hard heart  
 Meets in this frame,  
 To praise thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,  
 These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,  
 And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.



The



The Sacrifice.

**O**H all ye, who passe by, whose eyes and mind  
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;  
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.  
*Was ever grief like mine?*

The Princes of my people make a head  
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,  
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread.  
*Was ever grief like mine?*

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,  
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.  
They use that power against me, which I gave.  
*Was ever grief like mine?*

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,  
Though he had all I had, did not forbear  
To sell me also, and to put me there.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

For thirty pence he did my death devise,  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure  
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure:  
Oh let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,  
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,  
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

Yet my Disciples sleep : I cannot gain  
One houre of watching ; but their drowfie brain  
Comforts not me , and doth my doctrine stain.

*Was ever grief like mine ?*

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne !  
Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !  
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne !

*Was ever grief, &c.*

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,  
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,  
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse ?  
Canst thou find hell about my lips ? and misse  
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse ?

*Was ever grief, &c.*

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands  
Of faith, but furie : yet at their commands  
Suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a barre  
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that starre  
That brought the wise-men of the East from farre.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then from one ruler to another bound  
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound  
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

The priest and rulers all false witnesse seek  
Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek  
And ready Paschal Lambe of this great week.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then

## *The Church.*

21

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,  
That I did thrust into the Deitie,  
Who never thought that any robberie.

*Was ever grief like mine?*

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore  
In three dayes ras'd, and raised as before.  
Why, he that built the world can do much more.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,  
Which I do give them daily, unto death.  
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he  
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;  
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

*Herod* and all his bands do set me light,  
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,  
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

*Herod* in judgement sits, while I do stand  
Examines me with a censorious hand:  
I him obey, who all things else command.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulnesse;  
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,  
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

I answer nothing, but with patience prove  
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.  
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?

*Was ever grief, &c.*

My

My silence rather doth augment their crie ;  
 My dove doth back into my bosome flie,  
 Because the raging waters still are high,  
*was ever grief like mine ?*

Heark how they cry aloud still, *Crucifie :*  
*It is not fit he live a day,* they crie,  
 Who cannot live lesse then eternally.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off ; but they,  
 Mine own deare people, cry, *Away, Away,*  
 With noises confused frightening the day.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,  
 Putting my life among their sinnes and feares,  
 And therefore with my bloud on them and theirs.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

See how spite cankers things ! These words aright  
 Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light :  
 But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

They choose a murderer, and all agree  
 In him to do themselves a curtisie :  
 For it was their own cause who killed me.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

And a seditious murderer he was :  
 But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth passe  
 All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

Why, Cesar is their onely King, not I :  
 He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie ;  
 But surely not their hearts, as I well trie.  
*was ever grief, &c.*

## The Church.

23

Ah ! how they scourge me ! yet my tendernesſe  
Doubles each laſh : and yet their bitterneſſe  
Windes up my grief to a myſteriouſneſſe.

*Was ever grief like mine ?*

They buffer me, and box me as they liſt,  
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,  
And never yet whom I would puniſh, miſs'd.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe,  
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,  
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

My face they cover, though it be divine.  
As *Mofes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,  
Left on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie :  
*Now prophesie who ſtrikes thee*, is their dittie.  
So they in me deny themſelves all pitie.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

And now I am deliver'd unto death,  
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,  
That he before me wellnigh ſuffereth.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept  
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept :  
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall ;  
There they deride me, they abuſe me all :  
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then

*The Church.*

Then with a scarlet robe they me aray;  
Which shewes my bloud to be the onely way,  
And cordiall left to repair mans decay.

*was ever grief like mine?*

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear,  
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,  
Though I my vine planted and watred there.

*was ever grief, &c.*

So fits the earths great curse in *Adams* fall  
Upon my head: so I remove it all  
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Then with the reed they gave to me before,  
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store  
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.

*was ever grief, &c.*

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*.  
What ever scoffs or scornfulnesse can bring,  
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Yet since mans sceptres are as frail as reeds,  
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;  
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.

*was ever grief, &c.*

The souldiers also spit upon that face,  
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,  
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Thustrimmed forth they bring me to the rout,  
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one strong shout.  
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.

*was ever grief, &c.*

They

## *The Church.*

25

They lead me in once more, and putting then  
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out agen,  
Whom devils flie, thus is he tols'd of men.

*was ever grief like mine ?*

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse  
All spire in one, counting my life their losse,  
They carrie me to my most bitter crosse.

*was ever grief, &c.*

My crosse I bear my self, untill I faint;  
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,  
The decreed burden of each mortall Saint.

*was ever grief, &c.*

O all ye who passe by, behold and see:  
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;  
The tree of life to all, but onely me.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,  
The greater world o'th' two: for that came in  
By words, but this by sorrow I must win.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Such sorrow, as if sinfull man could feel,  
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,  
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.

*was ever grief, &c.*

But, O my God, my God! why leav'st thou me,  
The Sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?

*My God, my God-----*

*Never was grief like mine.*

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;  
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;  
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.

*was ever grief, &c.*

B

Now

Now heal thy self, Physician ; now come down.

Alas ! I did so, when I left my crown

And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown.

*was ever grief like mine ?*

In healing not my self, there doth consist

All that salvation, which ye now resist ;

Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,

As he that for some robberie suffereth.

Alas ! what have I stolen from you ? death.

*was ever grief, &c.*

A King my title is, prefixt on high ;

Yee by my subjects I'm condemn'd to die

A servile death in servile companie.

*was ever grief, &c.*

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,

But more with malice : yet, when they did call,

With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all,

*was ever grief, &c.*

They part my garments, and by lot dispose

My coat, the type of love, which once car'd those

Who sought for help, never malicious foes.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Nay, after death their spite shall further go :

For they will pierce my side, I full well know ;

That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow.

*was ever grief, &c.*

But now I die ; now all is finished.

My wo, mans weal : and now I bow my head.

Oaely let others say, when I am dead,

*Never was grief like mine.*



¶ The Thanksgiving.

**O** H King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,  
 To thee of all kings onely due)  
 Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,  
 Who in all grief preventest me?  
 Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store  
 That all thy body was one doore.  
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?  
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.  
*My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?*  
 Was such a grief as cannot be.  
 Shall I then sing, skipping thy dolefull storie,  
 And side with thy triumphant glory?  
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?  
 Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower?  
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and  
 Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?  
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,  
 And trie who shall victorious prove.  
 If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore  
 All back unto thee by the poore.  
 If thou dost give me honour, men shall see  
 The honour doth belong to thee.  
 I will not marry; or, if she be mine,  
 She and her children shall be thine.  
 My bosome-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,  
 I will tear thence his love and fame.  
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give  
 Unto some Chappell, die or live.  
 As for thy passion---- But of that anon,  
 When with the other I have done.  
 For thy predestination, I'll contrive,  
 That three yeares hence, if I survive,

I'll build a spittle, or mend common wayes,  
 But mend mine own without delayes.  
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,  
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.  
 The world and I will quarrel ; and the year  
 Shall not perceive that I am here.  
 My musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string  
 Shall have his attribute to sing ;  
 That all together may accord in thee,  
 And prove one God, one harmonic.  
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,  
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.  
 Nay, I will reade thy book, and never move  
 Till I have found therein thy love ;  
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,  
 O my deare Saviour, Victorie !  
 Then for thy passion--I will do for that--  
 Alas ! my God, I know not what.

---

### ¶ The Reprisall.

I Have consider'd it, and find  
 There is no dealing with thy mighty passion :  
 For though I die for thee, I am behind ;  
 My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I  
 May give a disentangled state and free :  
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts desie,  
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah ! was it not enough that thou  
 By thy eternall glory didst outgo me ?  
 Couldst thou not griefs sad conquest allow,  
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me

Yet by confession will I come  
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought  
Against thee, in thee I will overcome  
The man, who once against thee fought.

---

¶ *The Agonie.*

**P**hilosophers have measur'd mountains,  
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,  
Walk'd with a staff to heav'n, and traced fountains:  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behove:  
Yet few there are that sound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair  
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see  
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,  
His skinne, his garments bloody be.  
Sinne is that Presse and Vice, which forceth pain  
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay  
And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike  
Did set again abroach; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

W<sup>?</sup> B 3 The

¶ *The sinner.*

**L**ord, how I am all ague, when I seek  
 What I have treasur'd in my memorie!  
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,  
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find there quarries of pil'd vanities,  
 But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture  
 To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees:  
 There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:  
 The spirit and good extract of my heart  
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.  
 Yet Lord restore thine image, heare my call: (grone,  
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can  
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ *Good-Friday.*

O My chief good,  
 How shall I measure out thy bloud?  
 How shall I count what thee befell,  
 And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes.  
 Number according to thy foes?  
 Or, since one starre shew'd thy first breath,  
 Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,  
 Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?  
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be fruit  
 Of the true vine?

Then

Then let each houre  
Of my whole life one grief devoure;  
That thy distresse through all may runne,  
And be my sunne.

Or rather let  
My sev'rall sinnes their sorrows get;  
That, as each beast his cure doth know,  
Each sinne may so.

Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write  
Thy sorrows in, and bloudy fight;  
My heart hath store; write there, where in  
One box doth lie both ink and sinne:

That, when Sinne spies so many foes,  
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,  
All come to lodge there, Sinne may say,  
*No room for me*, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,  
And keep possession with thy grace;  
Lest sinne take courage and return,  
And all the writings blot or burn.

### ¶ Redemption.

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,  
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,  
And make a suit unto him, to afford  
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th'old.

In heaven at his manour I him sought:  
They told me there that he was lately gone  
About some land which he had dearly bought  
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,  
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts;  
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:  
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth  
 Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied,  
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

---

### ¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed body! Whither art thou thrown?  
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?  
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one  
 Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;  
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score:  
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of doore  
 They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit.  
 What ever sinne did this pure rock commit,  
 Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it  
 Of murder?

(thee,  
 Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain  
 And missing this, most falsly did arraigne thee;  
 Onely these stones in quiet entertain thee,  
 And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art  
 Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art  
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart  
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,  
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,  
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man  
 Withhold thee.

¶ Easter.

**R**ise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise  
Without delays,  
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise  
With him mayst rise:  
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part  
With all thy art.  
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name,  
Who bore the same.  
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key  
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Confort both heart and lute, and twist a song  
Pleasant and long:  
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied,  
And multiplied;  
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,  
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

**I** Got me flowers to straw thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree:  
But thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sunne arising in the East,  
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;  
If they should offer to contest  
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?  
We count three hundred, but we misse:  
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ *Easter-wings.*

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,  
 Though foolishly he lost the same,  
 Decaying more and more,  
 Till he became  
 Most poore:

With thee  
 O let me rise  
 As larks, harmoniously,  
 And sing this day thy victories;  
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ *Easter-*



¶ Easter-wings.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;  
And still with sicknesse and shame

Thou didst so punish sinne,  
That I became  
Most thine.

With thee  
Let me combine;  
And feel this day thy victorie:

For, if I imp my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

¶ H. Ba-

## ¶ H. Baptisme.

**A** S he that sees a dark and shadie grove,  
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on theskie;  
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove  
 More backward still, and to that water flie,  
 Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and vent  
 Is in my deare Redeemers pierced side.  
 Oblest streams ! either ye do prevent  
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,  
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.  
 In you Redemption measures all my time,  
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime.  
 You taught the book of life my name, that so  
 What ever future finnes should me miscall,  
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

## ¶ H. Baptisme.

Since, Lord, to thee  
 A narrow way and little gate  
 Is all the passage, on my infancie  
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate  
 My faith in me.  
 O let me still  
 Write thee great God, and me a child :  
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,  
 Small to my self, to others mild,  
 Behither ill.  
 Although by stealth  
 My flesh get on ; yet let her sister  
 My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth :  
 The growth of flesh is but a blister ;  
 Childhood is health.

¶ *Nature.*

Full of rebellion, I would die,  
Or fight, or travel, or denie  
That thou hast ought to do with me.

O tame my heart !  
It is thy highest art  
To captivate strong holds to thee,

If thou shalt let this venime lurk,  
And in suggestions fume and work,  
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,  
And thence by kind  
Vanish into a wind,  
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there  
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear :  
Or make a new one, since the old  
Is saplesse grown,  
And a much sicker stone  
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

---

¶ *Sinne.*

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round !  
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters  
Deliver us to lawes ; they send us bound  
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,  
Fine nets and stratagemes to catch us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings

Blessings beforehand, eyes of gratefulnesse,  
 The sound of glory ringing in our eares :  
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;  
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray  
 One cunning bosome-finne blows quite away.

---

### ¶ Affliction.

**W**hen first thou didst entice to thee my heart,  
 I thought the service brave :  
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,  
 Besides what I might have  
 Out of my stock of naturall delights,  
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,  
 And made it fine to me :  
 Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,  
 And 'rice me unto thee.  
 Such starres I counted mine : both heav'n and earth  
 Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,  
 Where joyes my fellows were ?  
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved  
 No place for grief or fear.  
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,  
 And made her youth and fiercenesse seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesse ;  
 I had my wish and way :  
 My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse ;  
 There was no moneth but May.

But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,  
 And made a party unswares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,  
 Sicknesse cleave my bones ;  
 Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,  
 And tune my breath to groans:  
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce beleev'd,  
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I liv'd.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,  
 And more ; for my friends die:  
 My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife  
 Was of more use then I.  
 Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,  
 I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took  
 The way that takes the town,  
 Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,  
 And wrap me in a gown.  
 I was entangled in the world of strife,  
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,  
 Not simpring all mine age,  
 Thou often didst with Academick praise  
 Melt and dissolve my rage.  
 I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where  
 I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yes, lest perchance I should too happie be  
 In my unhappinesse,  
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me  
 Into more sicknesses.  
 Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making  
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me  
 None of my books will show;  
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;  
 For sure then I should grow  
 To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust  
 Her household to me, and I should be just.  
 Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meeke;  
 In weaknesse must be stout;  
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek  
 Some other master out.  
 Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,  
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

---

## ¶ Repentance.

**L**ord, I confesse my sinne is great;  
 Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat  
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentanie bloom;  
 Whose life still pressing  
 Is one undressing,  
 A steady aiming at a tombe,  
 Mans age is two houres work, or three:  
 Each day doth round about us see.  
 Thus are we to delights: but we are all  
 To sorrows old,  
 If life be told  
 From what life feeleth, Adams fall,  
 O let thy height of mercie then  
 Compassionate short-breathed men.  
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression,  
 I do confesse  
 My foolishnesse;  
 My God; accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,  
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul :  
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather :  
For if thou stay,  
I and this day,  
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,  
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan :  
Bitternesse fills our bowels ; all our hearts  
Pine and decay,  
And drop away,  
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sinne and grief destroy ;  
That so the broken bones may joy,  
And tune together in a well-set song,  
Full of his praises,  
Who dead men raises.  
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

¶ Faith.

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease  
Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight was dimme,  
And could see little, to regard his ease,  
And bring by Faith all things to him ?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat :  
I did conceit a most delicious feast ;  
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,  
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,  
Which when I could not get, I thought it here ;  
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,  
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thousands and much more ;  
 I did beleeve that I did nothing ow,  
 And liv'd accordingly : my creditour  
 Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all  
 That I beleeve is in the sacred storie :  
 And where sinne placeth me in Adams fall,  
 Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,  
 What can be lower then the common manger ?  
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took  
 Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,  
 None but the wise or strong had gained it :  
 Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;  
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much  
 As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.  
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch  
 While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no reall light  
 Inherent in them, thou didst make the sunne  
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright ;  
 And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean  
 With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eye,  
 Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene :  
 And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my body runne to dust ?  
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain  
 With an exact and most particular trust,  
 Reserving all for flesh again.



¶ *Prayer.*

**P**ayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,  
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth,  
Engine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-dayes world-transposing in an houre,  
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear,  
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,  
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,  
(bloud,  
Church-bells beyond the starres heard, the soules  
The land of spices, something understood.

---

¶ *The H. Communion.*

**N**Ot in rich furniture, or fine aray,  
Nor in a wedge of gold,  
Thou, who for me wast sold,  
To me dost now thy self convey ;  
For so thou should'st without me still have been,  
Leaving within me sinne :  
But by the way of nourishment and strength,  
Thou creep'st into my breast ;  
Making thy way my rest,  
And thy small quantities my length ;  
Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,  
Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yer

Yet can these not get over to my soul,  
 Leaping the wall that parts  
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;  
 But as th'outworks, they may controll  
 My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy name,  
 Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,  
 Knoweth the ready way,  
 And hath the privie key,  
 Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms :  
 While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend  
 Dispatches from their friend.

**G**ive me my captive soul, or take  
 My body also thither.  
 Another life like this will make  
 Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,  
 And all our lump to leaven ;  
 A fervent sigh might well have blown  
 Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know  
 To sinne, or sinne to smother ;  
 He might to heav'n from paradise go,  
 As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease  
 By this thy heav'nly blood,  
 Which I can go to, when I please,  
 And leave th'earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. **L** Et all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,  
His praise may thither flie :  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

Vers. The church with psalmes must shour,  
No doore can keep them out :  
But above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

---

¶ Love I.

**I**m mortall Love, authour of this great frame,  
Sprung from that beaxie which can never fade ;  
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,  
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain !  
Which siding with invention, they together  
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,  
Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit:

The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,  
Thou standing by : and though thy glorious name  
Wrought our deliuerance from th' infernall pit,

Who sings thy praise ? onely a scarf or glove (love.  
Doth warm our hands , and make them write of

## II.

**I**Mmortall Heat, O let thy greater flame  
Attract the lesser to it : let those fires,  
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,  
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.

Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our brain  
All her invention on thine Altar lay,  
And there in hymnes send back thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust ;  
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :  
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,  
Who wert disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bowe to thee ; all wits shall rise,  
And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

## ¶ The Temper.

**H**ow should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my  
Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (rhymes  
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,  
My soul might ever feel !

## *The Church.*

47

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns, or more,  
Sometimes I peer above them all;  
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;  
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;  
Those distances belong to thee:  
The world's too little for thy tent,  
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch  
A crumbe of dust from heav'n to hell?  
Will great God measure with a wretch?  
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,  
O let me roost and nestle there:  
Then of a sinner thou art rid,  
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:  
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:  
This is but tuning of my breast,  
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,  
Thy hands made both, and I am there.  
Thy power and love, my love and trust  
Make one place ev'ry where.

---

## ¶ The Temper.

I cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,  
Which just now took up all my heart?  
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,  
Ave that, and me, or sinne for both destroy.

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;  
 But thy diviner world of grace  
 Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,  
 And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers  
 May alſo fix their reverence:  
 For when thou doſt depart from hence,  
 They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:  
 Though elements change, and heaven move,  
 Let not thy higher Court remove,  
 But keep a ſtanding Majeſtie in me.

¶ *Jordan.*

W Ho ſayes that fictions onely and falſe hair  
 Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beautie?  
 Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?  
 May no lines paſſe, except they do their dutie  
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves  
 And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpunne lines?  
 Muſt purling ſtreams reſreſh a lovers loves?  
 Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,  
 Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:  
 Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:  
 I envie no mans nightingale or ſpring:  
 Nor let them puniſh me with loſſe of rhyme,  
 Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ *Employ-*

¶ *Employment.*

**I**F as a flower doth spreade and die,  
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,  
Before I were by frosts extremitie  
Nipt in the bud,

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine :  
But the extension and the room,  
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine  
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,  
The greater shall our glorie be.  
The measure of our joyes is in this place,  
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend  
A life as barren to thy praise,  
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,  
But with delays.

All things are busie; onely I  
Neither bring hony with the bees,  
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandrie  
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,  
But all my companie is a weed.  
Lord place me in thy consort; give one strain  
To my poore reed.

## ¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

O H book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart  
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,  
 Precious for any grief in any part;  
 To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make  
 A full eternitie: thou art a masse  
 Of strange delights, where we may wish & take.  
 Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well  
 That washes what it shows. Who can indeare  
 Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger  
 Working against the states of death and hell. (here,

Thou art joyes handfel: heav'n lies flat in thee,  
 Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

## II.

O H that I knew how all thy lights combine,  
 And the configurations of their glorie!  
 Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,  
 But all the constellations of the storie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion  
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:  
 Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,  
 These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such



Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,  
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing  
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,  
And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse:  
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

---

¶ *Whitsunday.*

**L**isten sweet Dove unto my song,  
And spreade thy golden wings in me;  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended  
On thy Apostles? thou didst then  
Keep open house, richly attended,  
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,  
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:  
The starres were coming down to know  
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone,  
Hung down his head, and wisht for night,  
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one  
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought  
That cordiall water to our ground,  
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault  
Of those, who did themselves through their side wound

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;  
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:  
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne  
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;  
 The same sweet God of love and light:  
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,  
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

---

### ¶ Grace.

**M**Y stock lies dead, and no increase  
 Doth my dull husbandrie improve:  
 O let thy graces without cease  
 Drop from above!

If still the sunne should hide his face,  
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,  
 Thy works nights captives: O let grace  
 Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;  
 And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove?  
 The dew, for which grasse cannot call,  
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,  
 And digs my grave at each remove:  
 Let grace work too, and on my soul  
 Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart  
 Unto a hardnesse, void of love:  
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,  
 Drop from above.

O'come! for thou dost know the way.  
Or if to me thou wilt not move,  
Remove me where I need not say,  
*Drop from above.*

---

¶ Praise.

**T**O write a verse or two, is all the praise,  
That I can raise:  
Mend my estate in any wayes,  
Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I  
Will thither flie;  
Or, if I mount unto the skie,  
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse; there is no such thing  
As Prince or King:  
His arm is short; yet with a sling  
He may do more.

An herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
On the same floore,  
To a brave soul: exalt the poore,  
They can do more.

Oraise me then! Poore bees, that work all day,  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work, as well as they,  
And much, much more.

---

¶ Affliction.

**K**ill me not ev'ry day,  
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me  
Is more then all my deaths can be,  
Though I in broken pay  
Die over each houre of Methuselems stay.

*The Church.*

If all mens tears were let  
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;  
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?  
 Wherein if they were set,  
 They would discolour thy most bloudie sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,  
 Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art  
 All my delight, so all my smart:  
 Thy crosse took up in one,  
 By way of imprest, all my future mone.

¶ *Mattens.*

I Cannot ope mine eyes,  
 But thou art ready there to catch  
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:  
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?  
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,  
 Or starre, or rainbow, or a part  
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,  
 That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,  
 Pouring upon it all thy art,  
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed mans whole estate  
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:  
 He did not heav'n and earth create,  
 Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,  
 That this newlight, which now I see,  
 May both the work and workman show:  
 Then by a sunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

¶ Sinne.

O H that I could a sinne once see !  
 We paint the devil foul; yet he  
 Hath some good in him, all agree.  
 Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almightye, seeing  
 It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had :  
 If apparitions make us sad,  
 By sight of sinne we should grow mad.  
 Yet as in sleep we see fowl death, and live;  
 So devils aie our sinnes in perspective.

¶ Even-song.

Blest be the God of love,  
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day;  
 Both to be busie, and to play.  
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,  
 Which to himself he did denie :  
 For when he sees my wayes, I die :  
 But I have got his Sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home  
 For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,  
 Which this dayes favour did beget ?  
 I ranne; but all I brought, was some.

Thy diet, care, and cost  
 Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;  
 Of wind to thee whom I have crost,  
 But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,  
 And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,  
 Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*  
*Henceforth repose; your work is done.*

Thus in thy Ebonie box  
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day  
 Put our amendment in our way,  
 And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shows more love;  
 The day or night: that is the gale, this th' harbour;  
 That is the walk, and this the arbour;  
 Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.  
 Not one poore minute scapes thy breast,  
 But brings a favour from above:  
 And in this love, more then in bed, I rest.

### ¶ Church-monuments.

**VV** Hile that my soul repairs to her devotion,  
 Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes  
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;  
 To which the blast of deaths incessant motion,  
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,  
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn  
 To spell his elements, and find his birth  
 Written in dustie heraldrie and lines:  
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,  
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.  
 These laugh at Jeare, and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,  
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,  
 When they shall bowe, and kneel, and fall down flat  
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust?  
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme  
 And true descent: that when thou shalt grow fat,  
 And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,  
 That flesh is but the glasse which holds the dust.  
 That measures all our time; which also shall  
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below  
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,  
 That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

---

¶ Church-musick.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure  
 Did through my bodie wound my mind,  
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure  
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,  
 Rising and falling with your wings:  
 We both together sweetly live and love,  
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you parte from me,  
 Sure I shall do so, and much more:  
 But if I travel in your companie,  
 You know the way to heavens doore.

---

¶ Church-lock and key.

I Know it is my sinne, which locks thine eares,  
 And binds thy hands,  
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;  
 Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,  
And mend it still;

So I do lay the want of my desire,  
Not on my finnes, or coldnesse, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds sake  
Which pleads for me:

For though finnes plead too, yet like stones they make  
His blouds sweet current much more loud to be.

### ¶ The Church-floore.

**M**ark you the floore? that square and speckled stone,  
Which looks so firm and strong,  
*Is Patience:*

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one  
Is checker'd all along,  
*Humilitie:*

The gentle rising, which on either hand  
Leads to the Quire above,  
*Is Confidence:*

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band  
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*  
And *Charitie.*

Hither sometimes sinne steals, and stains  
The marbles neat and curious veins:  
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.  
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,  
Blows all the dust about the floore:  
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.  
Blest be the *Architect*, whose art  
Could build so strong in a weak heart.



¶ The Windows.

Lord, how can man preach thy eternall word?  
 He is a brittle crazie glasse:  
 Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford  
 This glorious and transcendent plate,  
 To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy storie,  
 Making thy life to shine within  
 The holy Preachers; then the light and glorie  
 More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;  
 Which else shews watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one  
 When they combine and mingle, bring  
 A strong regard and aw: but speech alone  
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,  
 And in the eare, not conscience, ring.

¶ Trinitie-sunday.

Lord, who hast form'd me out of mud,  
 And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,  
 And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my finnes done heretofore:  
 For I confesse my heavie score,  
 And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,  
 With faith, with hope, with charitie;  
 That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

¶ Con-

## ¶ Content.

**P**ease mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep  
 Within the walls of your own breast.  
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,  
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call  
 Of an untrained hope or passion.  
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall;  
 Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quietly lie,  
 Content and warm r' it self alone:  
 But when it would appear to others eye,  
 Without a knock it never thone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure  
 Complies and suits with all estates;  
 Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure  
 Take up within a cloisters gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content  
 From either pole unto the centre:  
 Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent  
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder:  
 And after death the fumes that spring  
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder,  
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is lost: and yet  
 Better by worms be all once spent,  
 Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret  
 Thy name in books, which may not vent:  
 When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,  
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,  
And as their wit is, their digestion,  
Thy nourishment fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground.  
Do not thy self or friends importune.  
He that by seeking hath himself once found,  
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quidditie.

MY God, a verse is not a crown,  
No point of honour, or gay suit,  
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,  
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;  
It never was in *France* or *Spain*,  
Nor can it entertain the day  
With my great stable or domain:

It is no office, art, or news,  
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall:  
But it is that which while I use  
I am with thee, and *Most take all*.

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Vertues sitting hand in hand  
In sev'ral ranks upon an azure throne,  
Where all the beasts and fowls by their command  
Presented tokens of submission.  
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there  
To execute their call,  
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,  
Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw;  
 Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude:  
 The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their lave  
 Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.  
 The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain;  
 That went to Temperance:  
 On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,  
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume;  
 (For he would not) as they beheld the grace  
 Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,  
 And challenge it as proper to his place,  
 Till they fell out: which when the beasts espied,  
 They leapt upon the throne;  
 And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,  
 They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this  
 Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down  
 Spoil'd all the train: then saying, *Here it is*  
*For which ye wrangle*, made them turn their frown  
 Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,  
 They drive them soon away;  
 And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring  
 At the next Session-day.

### ¶ Frailtie.

**L**Ord, in my silence how do I despise  
 What upon trust  
 Is styled *honour, riches, or fair eyes;*  
 But is *fair dust!*

I surname them *gilded clay,*  
*Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;*  
 In all, I think my foot doth ever tread  
 Upon their head, But.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,  
The worlds, and thine;  
Thine clad with simplenesse, and sad events;  
The other fine,  
Full of glorie and gay weeds,  
Brave language, braver deeds;  
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,  
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now  
My foot did tread,  
Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow  
And long since wed  
My poore soul, ev'n sick of love,  
It may a Babel prove,  
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee  
Planted in me.

---

¶ *Constancie.*

Who is the honest man?  
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,  
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due,

Whose honestie is not  
So loose or easie, that a ruffling wind  
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:  
Who rides his sure and even trot,  
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who, when great trialls come,  
Nor seeks, nor shunnes them; but doth calmly stay,  
Till he the thing and the example weigh:

All being brought into a summe,  
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo  
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;  
For above all things he abhorres deceit:

His words and works and fashion too  
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptations: when the day is done,  
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne:  
The sunne to others writeth laws,  
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,  
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:

Whom others faults do not defeat;  
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,  
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will  
To writhe his limbes, and share, nor mend the ill.

This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,  
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

### ¶ Affliction.

**M**Y heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!  
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,  
To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a sceptre of the rod:

Hadst thou not had thy part,  
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,  
Thou knowst my tallies; and when there's assign'd  
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?

Or if some yeares with it escape,

The sigh then onely is

A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still  
Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,

And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one crosse,

Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy losse.

## ¶ The Starre.

**B**Right spark, shot from a brighter place,  
Where beams surround my Saviours face,  
Canst thou be any where  
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,  
Take a bad lodging in my heart;  
For thou canst make a debter,  
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust  
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:  
Then with thy light refine,  
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,  
Touch it with thy celestiall quicknesse,  
That it may hang and move  
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinitie of light,  
 Motion, and heat, let's take our flight  
 Unto the place where thou  
 Before didst bowe.

Get me a standing there, and place  
 Among the beams, which crown the face  
 Of him, who dy'd to part  
 Sinne and my heart:

That so among the rest I may  
 Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:  
 That winding is their fashion  
 Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me  
 To flie home like a laden bee  
 Unto that hive of beams  
 And garland-streams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day most calm, most bright,  
 The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,  
 Th' indorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;  
 The couch of time, cares balm and bays  
 The week were dark, but for thy light:  
 Thy torch doth show the way.



The other dayes, and thou  
Make up one man; whose face thou art,  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:  
The workie-dayes are the back-part;  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoupe and bowe,  
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone  
To endlesse death: but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on one,  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose, but look on still;  
Since there is no place so alone,  
The which he doth not fill.

Sundayes the pillars are,  
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:  
The other dayes fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities.  
They are the fruitfull beds and borders  
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundayes of mans life,  
Threeded together on times string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife,  
Of the eternall glorious King.  
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope;  
Blessings are plentifull and rise,  
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour rose,  
 And did inclose this light for his:  
 That, as each beast his manger knows,  
 Man might not of his fodder misse.  
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
 And made a garden there for those  
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our Creation  
 Our great Redeemer did remove  
 With the same shake, which at his passion  
 Did th' earth and all things with it move.  
 As Samson bore the doores away,  
 Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,  
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day  
 We sullied by our foul offence:  
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
 Having a new at his expense,  
 Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,  
 That was requir'd to make us gay,  
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:  
 And where the week-dayes trail on ground,  
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.  
 O let me take thee at the bound,  
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to seven,  
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,  
 Flie hand in hand to heaven!

¶ Avarice.

¶ Avarice.

**M**oney, thou bane of blisse and source of wo,  
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and  
I know thy parentage is base and low: (fine?)  
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute  
To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,  
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,  
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:  
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we  
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:  
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;  
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY } gram.  
ARMY }

**H**ow well her name an Army doth present,  
In whom the Lord of hosts did pitch his tent.

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

**O**H glorious spirits, who after all your bands  
See the smooth face of God, without a frown  
Or strict commands;  
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,  
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousnesse  
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid.

I would addresse  
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,  
And Mother of my God, in my distresse.

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,  
The great restorative for all decay

In young and old;  
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:  
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,  
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,  
Bids no such thing:  
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,  
( 'Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower  
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal

At the last houre:  
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,  
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know  
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,

Who do not so;  
Since we are ever ready to disburse,  
If any one our Masters hand can show.

### ¶ Employment.

**H**E that is weary, let him sit.  
My soul would stirre  
And trade in courtesies and wit,  
Quitting the furre  
To cold complexions needing it.

## *The Church.*

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Man is no starre, but a quick coal  
Of mortall fire :  
Who blows it not, nor doth controll  
A faint desire,  
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest  
With him, whose will  
Ordain'd the highest to be best ;  
The earth sat still ,  
And by the others is oppressd.

Life is a businesse, not good cheer;  
Ever in warres.  
The sunne still shineth there or here,  
Whereas the starres  
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,  
That busie plant!  
Then should I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old:  
The man is gone,  
Before we do our wares unfold:  
So we freeze on,  
Untill the grave increase our cold.

---

## ¶ Deniall.

**W**hen my devotions could not pierce  
Thy silent eares;  
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;  
My breast was full of fears  
And disorder:

My

*The Church.*

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,  
 Did flie afunder:  
 Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,  
 Some to the warres and thunder  
 Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,  
 As to benumme  
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,  
*Come, come, my God, O come!*  
 But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue  
 To crie to thee,  
 And then not heare it crying! all day long  
 My heart was in my knee,  
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,  
 Untun'd, unstrung:  
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,  
 Like a nipt blossome, hung  
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,  
 Deferre no time;  
 That so thy favours granting my request,  
 They and my mind may chime,  
 And mend my rhyme.

¶ *Christmas.*

**A**ll after pleasures as I rid one day,  
 My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and mind,  
 With full crie of affections, quite astray,  
 I took up in the next inne I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,  
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief  
Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there  
To be all passengers most sweet relief ?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,  
Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger,  
Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,  
To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have  
A better lodging then a rack or grave.

**T**He shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?  
My God, no hymne for thee ?  
My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds  
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.  
The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy grace  
Enriching all the place.  
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers  
Out-sing the day-light houres.  
Then we will chide the sunne for letting night  
Take up his place and right :  
We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should  
Himself the candle hold.  
I will go searching, till I find a sunne  
Shall stay till we have done ;  
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,  
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.  
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,  
And one another pay :  
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,  
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

## ¶ Ungratefulnesse.

**L**Ord, with what bountie and rare clemencie  
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave!  
 If thou hadst let us runne,  
 Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,  
 And thought his god most brave;  
 Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of treasure,  
 The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation*:  
 Thou hast unlockt them both,  
 And made them jewels to betroth  
 The work of thy creation  
 Unto thy self in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier Cabinet is the *Trinitie*,  
 Whose sparkling light accessie denies:  
 Therefore thou dost not show  
 This fully to us, till death blow  
 The dust into our eyes:  
 For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are packt up in the other;  
 Thy mercies thither flock and flow:  
 That, as the first affrights,  
 This may allure us with delights;  
 Because this box we know:  
 For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee:  
 When thou demandest but a heart,  
 He cavills instantly.  
 In his poore cabinet of bone  
 Sinnes have their box apart,  
 Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

¶ Sighs



¶ Sighs and 'grones.

O Do not use me

After my finnes ! look not on my desert,  
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform,  
And not refuse me : for thou onely art  
The mightie God, but I a silly worm :

O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !

For what account can thy ill steward make ?  
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,  
Suckt all thy magazens : my head did ake,  
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !

I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night  
Should thicken all my powvers ; because my lust  
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:  
But I am frailtie, and already dust :

O do not grind me !

O do not fill me

With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath !  
For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,  
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,  
Ev'n unto death : since he di'd for my good,

O do not kill me !

But O reprove me !

For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command ;  
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,  
*Cordiall* and *Corrosive* : put not thy hand  
Into the bitter box ; but O my God,

My God, relieve me !

D 2

¶ The

## ¶ The World.

**L**ove built a stately house ; where *Fortune* came :  
 And spinning phantasies, she was heard to say,  
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,  
 Whereas they were supported by the same :  
 But *wisdome* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who, liking not the fashion,  
 Began to make *Balcones, Terraces,*  
 Till she had weakned all by alteration :  
 But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*  
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sinne*, and with that *Sycamore*,  
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,  
 Working and winding slyly evermore,  
 The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore :  
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band  
 To rase the building to the very floore :  
 Which they effected, none could them withstand.  
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,  
 And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloss.

## Coloff. 3. 3.

*Our life is hid with Christ in God.*

**M**R words and thoughts do both expresse this notion  
 That *L I F E* hath with the sunne a double motion.  
 The first *I S* straight, and our diurnall friend ;  
 The other *H I D*, and doth obliquely bend.  
 One life is wrapt *I N* flesh, and tends to earth :  
 The other winds towards *H I M*, whose happie birth  
 Taught me to live here so, *T H A T* still one eye  
 Should aim and shoot at that which *I S* on high ;  
 Quitting with daily labour all *M Y* pleasure,  
 To gain at harvest an eternall *T R E A S U R E*.

---

## ¶ Vanitie.

**T**He fleet Astronomer can bore  
 And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind :  
 He views their stations, walks from doore to doore, ;  
 Surveys, as if he had design'd  
 To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,  
 And knoweth long before  
 Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his side  
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch  
 His deerly-earned pearl, which God did hide  
 On purpose from the ventrous wretch ;  
 That he might save his life, and also hers,  
 Who with excessive pride  
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can deuest  
 And strip the creature naked, till he find  
 The callow principles within their nest :  
 There he imparts to them his mind,  
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before  
 They appear trim and drest  
 To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,  
 But his deare God ? who yet his glorious law  
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground  
 With showres and frosts, with love and aw ;  
 So that we need not say, Where's this command ?  
 Poore man ! thou searchest round  
 To find out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.]

---

## ¶ Lent.

**W**elcome deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,  
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,  
 But is compos'd of passion.  
 The Scriptures bid us *fast* ; the Church sayes, *Now* :  
 Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow  
 To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,  
 Begins at home, and layes the burden there,  
 When doctrines disagree.  
 He sayes, In things which use hath justly got,  
 I am a scandal to the Church, and not  
 The Church is so to me.

[True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion  
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,  
When good is seasonable;  
Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase  
The obligation in us, make it lesse,  
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,  
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,  
A face not fearing light:  
Whereas in fulnesse there are fluttish fumes,  
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheums,  
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring  
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,  
And goodnesse of the deed.  
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent  
Spoil the good use, by that argument  
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs fourtieth day;  
Yet to go part of that religious way,  
Is better then to rest:  
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;  
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*  
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,  
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one  
That travellet by-ways.  
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,  
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more  
May strengthen my decays.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast  
 By starving sinne, and taking such repast  
     As may our faults controll :  
 That ev'ry man may revel at his doore,  
 Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poore,  
     And among those his soul.

---

¶ *Vertue.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridall of the earth and skie :  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;  
     For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye :  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
     And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie ;  
 My musick shows ye have your closes,  
     And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
     Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Matth. 13.*

I Know the wayes of Learning ; both the head  
 And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne ;  
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,  
 Or of it self, like a good hufwife, spunne  
 In laws and policie ; what the starres conspire ;  
 What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;  
 Both th'old discoveries, and the new-found seas,  
 The stock and surplus, cause and historie :  
 All these stand open, or I have the keyes :  
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains  
 The quick returns of courtesie and wit :  
 In vies of favours whether partie gains,  
 When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it  
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,  
 Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,  
 And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes :  
 How many drammes of spirit there must be  
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes :  
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Pleasure, the sweet strains,  
 The lullings and the relishes of it ;  
 The propositions of hot bloud and brains ;  
 What mirth and musick mean ; what love and wit :  
 Have done these twenty hundred yeares, and more :  
 I know the projects of unbridled store :  
 My stuff is flesh, not brasse ; my senses live,  
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me  
 Then he that curbs them, being but one to five :  
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :  
 Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes  
 I flie to thee, and fully understand  
 Both the main sale, and the commodities ;  
 And at what rate and price I have thy love ;  
 With all the circumstances that may move :  
 Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,  
 But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,  
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it  
 To climbe to thee.

---

### ¶ Affliction.

**B**roken in pieces all asunder,  
 Lord hunt me not,  
 A thing forgot,  
 Once a poore creature, now a wonder ;  
 A wonder tortur'd in the space  
 Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,  
 Wounding my heart  
 With scatter'd smart,  
 As watering-pots give flow'rs their lives.  
 Nothing their fury can controll,  
 While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,  
 Quitting their place  
 Unto my face :  
 Nothing performs the task of life :  
 The elements are let loose to fight,  
 And while I live, trie out their right.



Oh help, my God ! let not their plot  
Kill them and me,  
And also thee,

Who art my life : dissolve the knot,  
As the sunne scatters by his light  
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,  
Enter thy pay,  
And day by day  
Labour thy praise and my relief;  
With care and courage building me,  
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

---

¶ *Man.*

MY God, I heard this day,  
That none doth build a stately habitation,  
But he that means to dwell therein.  
What house more stately hath there been,  
Or can be, then is Man ? to whose creation  
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,  
And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;  
A beast, yet is or should be more.  
Reason and speech we onely bring.  
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,  
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetricie,  
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,  
And all to all the world besides :  
Each part may call the farthest brother :  
For head with foot hath private amitie,  
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing

*The Church.*

Nothing hath got so farre,  
 But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.  
 His eyes dismount the highest starre :  
 He is in little all the sphere.  
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
 Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,  
 The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.  
 Nothing we see, but means our good,  
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :  
 The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,  
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The starres have us to bed ;  
 Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws :  
 Musick and light attend our head.  
 All things unto our *flesh* are kind  
 In their *descent* and *being*; to our *mind*  
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of dutie.  
 Waters united are our navigation ;  
 Distinguished, our habitation ;  
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat :  
 Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beauty ?  
 Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,  
 Then he'll take notice of : in eery path  
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,  
 When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.  
 Oh mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath  
 Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou hast  
So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,  
That it may dwell with thee at last !  
Till then, afford us so much wit,  
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,  
And both thy servants be.

---

¶ Antiphone.

- Chor.*     **P**raised be the God of love,  
                    *Men.* Here below,  
                    *Angels.* And here above :
- Cho.*     Who hath dealt his mercies so,  
                    *Ang.* To his friend,  
                    *Men.* And to his foe ;
- Cho.*     That both grace and glory tend  
                    *Ang.* Us of old,  
                    *Men.* And us in th'end.
- Cho.*     The great Shepherd of the fold  
                    *Ang.* Us did make,  
                    *Men.* For us was sold.
- Cho.*     He our foes in pieces brake :  
                    *Ang.* Him we touch ;  
                    *Men.* And him we take.
- Cho.*     Wherefore since that he is such,  
                    *Ang.* We adore,  
                    *Men.* And we do crouch.
- Cho.*     Lord, thy praises should be more.  
                    *Men.* We have none,  
                    *Ang.* And we no store.
- Cho.*     Praised be the God alone,  
                    Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Unkindneſſe.

Lord, make me coy and tender to offend.  
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,  
Which I intend,  
Unto my friends intent and end.  
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,  
It is my honour and my love to free  
His blasted fame  
From the least spot or thought of blame.  
I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore :  
Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;  
But let the poore,  
And thou within them starve at doore.  
I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,  
I quit my interest, and leave it free ;  
But when thy grace  
Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;  
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

**Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill ?**  
**O write in brasse, My God upon a tree**  
*His bloud did spill,*  
*Onely to purchase my good will:*  
**Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.**

Life.

¶ Life.

I Made a posie, while the day ran by :  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band.  
But Time did becken to the flow'rs, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart :  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Times gentle admonition ;  
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,  
Making my mind to smell my fatall day,  
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell deare flow'rs ; sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.  
I follow straight without complaints or grief,  
Since, if my sent be good, I care not if  
It be as short as yours.

### ¶ Submission.

**B**Ut that thou art my wisdom, Lord,  
And both mine eyes are thine,  
My mind would be extremely stirr'd  
For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow  
Some place and power on me?  
Then should thy praises with me grow,  
And share in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,  
I do resume my fight,  
And pilfring what I once did give,  
Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,  
That I should then raise thee?  
Perhaps great places and thy praise  
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;  
I will no more advise:  
Onely do thou lend me a hand,  
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy wayes.

*Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me:  
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:  
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:  
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.*

But when I mark my life and praise,  
Thy justice me most fitly payes:  
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:  
*My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:  
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got:  
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.*  
I cannot skill of these my wayes.

¶ Charms and Knots.

**VV** Ho reade a chapter when they rise,  
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou dost ride,  
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold : -  
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,  
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone  
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,  
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,  
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains ?  
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :  
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

---

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,  
That planted Paradise was not so firm,  
As was and is thy floating Ark ; whose stay  
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm  
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,  
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we liv'd in pleasure ;  
Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :  
When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure  
To make us thine : yet that we might not part,  
As we at first did board with thee,  
Now thou wouldst taste our miserie.

There is but joy and grief;  
 If either will convert us, we are thine:  
 Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief  
 Take up the second, then thy double line  
 And sev'ral baits in either kind  
 Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;  
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,  
 While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,  
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.  
 My God, so temper joy and wo,  
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

### ¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!  
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets  
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath  
 Scarce knows the way:  
 Those clouts are little winding-sheets,  
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,  
 They step into their voluntary graves;  
 Sleep binds them fast; onely their breath  
 Makes them not dead:  
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,  
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,  
 And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,  
 All day exchanging mirth and breath  
 In companie;  
 That musick summons to the knell,  
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When



When man grows staid and wise,  
Getting a house and home, where he may move  
Within the circle of his breath,  
Schooling his eyes ;  
That dumbe inclosure maketh love  
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,  
Making his grave, and thawing ev'ry yeare,  
Till all do melt, and drown his breath  
When he would speak ;  
A chair or litter shows the beere,  
Which shall convey him to the house of death:

Man, ere he is aware,  
Hath put together a solemnitie,  
And drest his herse, while he hath breath  
As yet to spare.  
Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,  
That all these dyings may be life in death.

---

¶ Decay.

Sweet were the dayes, when thou didst lodge with  
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, (Lot,  
Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not  
Encounter Moses strong complaints and mone :  
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have sought and found thee presently  
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :  
Is my God this way? No, they would reply :  
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :  
Lift, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close  
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :  
 Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,  
 Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art  
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat  
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn  
 Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,  
 Cold sinne still forcing it, ~~till it return,~~  
 And calling Justice, all things burn.

### ¶ Miserie.

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name;  
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;  
 Folly and Sinne play all his game,  
 His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,  
*Man is but grasse,*  
*He knows it, fill the glasse.*

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse?  
 Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee :  
 Bid him but temper his excesse;  
 Not he: he knows where he can better be,  
 As he will swear,  
 Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,  
 And make his own, as if none knew but he!  
 No man shall beat into his head,  
 That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:  
 They are of cloth,  
 Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand  
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne :  
They would not have their actions scan'd,  
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,  
Though it be small,  
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over  
The bargain made to serve thee : but thy love  
Holds them unto it, and doth cover  
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,  
Not suff'ring those  
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name :  
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie :  
The sunne holds down his head for shame,  
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.  
How shall infection  
Presume on thy perfection ?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,  
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:  
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch  
To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine.  
Yet either this,  
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee ; let him go  
And serve the swine : there, there is his delight :  
He doth not like this Vertue, no ;  
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night :  
These Preachers make  
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes ?  
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares !

Thou pull 'st the rug, and wilt not rise,  
No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres :

There let them shine,  
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a daintie bower  
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,  
Wonders and sings, but not his power,  
Who made the arbour : this exceeds her wit.

But man doth know  
The spring, whence all things flow :

And yet, as though he knew it not,  
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne :

They make his life a constant blot,  
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.

Ah wretch ! what verse  
Can thy strange wayes rehearse ?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,  
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,

A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure :*  
He was a garden in a Paradise :

Glorie and grace  
Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is  
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing

To raise him to a glimpse of blisse :  
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing ;

Nay, his own self :  
My God, I mean my self.

¶ Jordan.

## ¶ Jordan.

**W**Hen first my lines of heav'nly joyes made men-  
Such was their lustre, they did so excell, (tion,  
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention :  
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,  
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,  
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,  
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped :  
I often blotted what I had begun ;  
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.  
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,  
Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,  
So did I weave my self into the sense.  
But while I bustled, I might heare a friend  
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretense !*  
*There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd :*  
*Copie out onely that, and save expense.*

## ¶ Prayer.

**O**F what an easie quick accessse,  
My blessed Lord, art thou ! how suddenly  
May our requests thine eare invade !  
To shew that state dislikes not easinesse.  
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :  
Thou canst no more not heare, then thou canst die.

Of

Of what supreme Almighty power  
 Is thy great arm, which spans the east and west,  
 And tacks the centre to the sphere !  
 By it do all things live their measur'd houre :  
 We cannot ask the thing which is not there,  
 Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love  
 Art thou possesse, who, when thou couldst not die,  
 Wert faine to take our flesh and curse,  
 And for our sakes in person sinne reprove ;  
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,  
 Thou mightst make way for liberalitie !

Since then these three wait on thy throne,  
*Ease, Power, and Love* ; I value Prayer so,  
 That were I to leave all but one,  
 Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go :  
 I and deare Prayer would together dwell,  
 And quickly gain for each inch lost, an ell,

---

### ¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may  
 Convey a Lordship any way  
 Whither the buyer and the seller please ;  
 Let it not thee displease,  
 If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed  
 As many lines, as there doth need  
 To passe it self and all it hath to thee :  
 To which I do agree,  
 And here present it as my speciall deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure  
 Cavill, and claim her part and measure,  
 As if this passed with a reservation,  
 Or some such words in fashion;  
 I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will  
 All thy delight in me fulfill!  
 Let me not think an action mine own way,  
 But as thy love shall sway,  
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,  
 That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?  
 Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;  
 So great are thy perfections,  
 Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood  
 Show'd a strange love to all our good:  
 Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,  
 Or superficial offer  
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo:  
 To one word onely I say, No.  
 Where in the deed there was an intimation  
 Of a gift or donation,  
 Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will passe his land,  
 As I have mine, may set his hand  
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;  
 And make the purchase spread  
 To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,  
 If some kind man would thrust his heart  
 Into these lines ; till in heav'ns court of rolls  
 They were by winged souls  
 Entred for both, farre above their desert !

---

¶ *Conscience.*

PEace pratler, do not lowre :  
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :  
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre :  
 Musick to thee doth howl.  
 By listning to thy chatting fears  
 I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say :  
 My thoughts must work, but like a noiseflesse sphere.  
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :  
 No room for pratlers there.  
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,  
 That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall be  
 My Saviours bloud : when ever at his board  
 I do but taste it, straight it cleanseeth me,  
 And leaves thee not a word ;  
 No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,  
 And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,  
 Besides my physick, know there's some for thee ;  
 Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill  
 For those that trouble me :  
 The bloody crosse of my deare Lord  
 Is both my physick and my sword.

¶ *Sion.*



¶ Sion.

**L**ord, with what glorie wast thou se'd of old,  
When Solomons temple stood and flourished !  
Where most things were of purest gold :  
The wood was all embellished  
With flowers and carvings, mysticall and rare :  
All shew'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state  
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim ;  
Something there was that sow'd debate :  
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim :  
And now thy Architecture meets with sinne ;  
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,  
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :  
The fight is hard, on either part.  
Great God do:h fight, he doth submit.  
All Solomons sea of brasse and world of stone  
Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things,  
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee :  
But grones are quick and full of wings,  
And all their motions upward be ;  
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing :  
The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

¶ Home.

**C**ome Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,  
While thou dost ever, ever stay :  
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,  
My spirit gaspeth night and day.  
O show thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee !

How canst thou stay, considering the pace  
 The blood did make, which thou didst waste?  
 When I behold it trickling down thy face,  
 I never saw thing make such haste.  
 O show thy self to me,  
 Or take me up to thee!

When Man was lost, thy pitie lookt about  
 To see what help in th'earth or skie:  
 But there was none; at least no help without:  
 The help did in thy bosome lie.  
 O show thy, &c.

There lay thy Sonne: and must he leave that rest,  
 That hive of sweetnesse, to remove  
 Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast  
 Leave one poore apple for thy love?  
 O show thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer deare,  
 After all this canst thou be strange?  
 So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appear?  
 As if thy love could fail or change.  
 O show thy, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?  
 My God, what is this world to me?  
 This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,  
 Away; I must get up and see.  
 O show thy, &c.

What is this wearie world, this meat and drink,  
 That chains us by the teeth so fast?  
 What is this woman-kind, which I can wink  
 Into a blacknesse and distaste?  
 O shew thy, &c.

With one small figh thou gav'st me th'other day  
I blasted all the joyes about me :  
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,  
Now come again, said I, and flout me.  
O show thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,  
Which way soe're I look, I see.  
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,  
They dresse themselves and come to thee.  
O show thy, &c.

We talk of harvests , there are no such things,  
But when we leave our corn and hay :  
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings  
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.  
O show thy, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie !  
That my free soul may use her wing,  
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,  
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.  
O show thy, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and grone ?  
The most of me to heav'n is fled :  
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,  
And for their old acquaintance plead.  
O show thy, &c.

Come dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,  
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray :  
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason  
The word is, *Stay*, sayes ever, *Come*.  
O show thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee !

¶ *The British Church.*

I Joy, deare Mother, when I view  
 Thy perfect lineaments, and hue  
     Both sweet and bright;

Beautie in thee takes up her place,  
 And dates her letters from thy face,  
     When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit aray,  
 Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,  
     Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare :  
 For all they either painted are,  
     Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly  
 Allureth all in hope to be  
     By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,  
 That ev'n her face by kissing shines,  
     For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie  
 Of dressing, that her hair doth lie  
     About her eares :

While she avoids her neighbours pride,  
 She wholly goes on th'other side,  
     And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)  
 The mean thy praise and glorie is,  
     And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was  
 To double-moat thee with his grace,  
     And none but thee.

¶ The Quip.

**T**He merry world did on a day  
With his train-bands and mates agree  
To meet together, where I lay,  
And all in sport to geere at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose ;  
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,  
Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those ?  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then Money came, and chinking still,  
What tune is this, poore man ? said he :  
I heard in Musick you had skill.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then came brave Glory puffing by  
In silks that whistled, who but he ?  
He scarce allow'd me half an eye.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,  
And he would needs a comfort be,  
And, to be short, make an oration.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Yet when the houre of thy designe  
To answer these fine things shall come ;  
Speak not at large, say, I am thine :  
And then they have their answer home.

¶ *Vanitie.*

**P**Oore silly soul, whose hope and head lies low ;  
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow ;  
 To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes ;  
 Nor solid work, as false embroyderies :  
 Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure  
 And write for sweet, prove a most sower displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting  
 May come too late !  
 To purchase heaven for repenting,  
 Is no hard rate.  
 If souls be made of earthly mold,  
 Let them love gold ;  
 If born on high,  
 Let them unto their kindred flie :  
 For they can never be at rest,  
 Till they regain their ancient nest.  
 Then silly soul take heed ; for earthly joy  
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ *The Dawning.*

**A** Wake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns :  
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;  
 Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns :  
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :  
 Awake, awake ;  
 And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.  
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie ;  
 And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise

Arise sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,  
 Christs resurrection thine may be :  
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand,  
 Which as it riseth, raiseth thee :

Arise, arise ;  
 And with his buriall-linen dry thine eyes. (grief  
 Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when  
 Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there : but th'other week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame,  
 Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek :  
 And first I found the corner, where was J,  
 After, where E S, and next where U was graved.  
 When I had got these parcels, instantly  
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived  
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,  
 And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Businesse.

Canst be idle ? canst thou play,  
 Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day ?

Rivers runne, and Springs each one  
 Know their home, and get them gone :  
 Hast thou tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears,  
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears !  
 Who hath these, those ill forbears.

E 5

Winds

Winds still work : it is their plot,  
 Be the season cold, or hot :  
 Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not ?

If thou hast no sighs or grones,  
 Would thou hadst no flesh and bones !  
 Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,  
 Foolish soul, Who di'd for thee ?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,  
 To assume thy flesh and bone ?  
 Had he life, or had he none ?

If he had not liv'd for thee,  
 Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly ;  
 And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,  
 That his own self he forgot.  
 Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not di'd for thee,  
 Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.  
 Two lives worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath  
 'Twixt his finnes and Saviours death ?

He that loseth gold, though droffe,  
 Tells to all he meets, his crosse :  
 He that finnes, hath he no losse ?

He that finds a silver vein,  
 Thinks on it, and thinks again :  
 Brings thy Saviours death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,  
 Neither sinne nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.



¶ Dialogue.

**S**weetest Saviour, if my soul  
Were but worth the having,  
Quickly then should I controll  
Any thought of waving.  
But when all my care and pains  
Cannot give the name of gains  
To thy wretch so full of stains;  
What delight or hope remains?

*what (child) is the balance thine?*

*Thine the poise and measure is*

*If I say, Thou shalt be mine,*

*Finger not my treasure.*

*what the gains in having thee*

*Do amount to, onely he,*

*who for man was sold, can see,*

*That transferr'd th' accounts to me.*

But as I can see no merit,

Leading to this favour,

So the way to fit me for it,

Is beyond my favour.

As the reason then is thine;

So the way is none of mine:

I disclaim the whole designe:

Sinne disclaims, and I resigne.

*That is all, if that I could*

*Get without repining;*

*And my clay, my creature would*

*Follow my resigning:*

*That as I did freely part*

*with my glory and desert,*

*Lest all joyes to feel all smart---*

*Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.*

¶ Dulness.

## ¶ Dulnesse.

**VV** Hy do I languish thus, drooping and dull,  
As if I were all earth ?

○ give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth  
Praise thee brim-full !

The wanton lover in a curious strain  
Can praise his fairest fair ;  
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair  
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,  
Beauty alone to me :  
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee  
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,  
That those thy form doth show,  
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go,  
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then ? my approaches ? views ?  
Where are my window-songs ?  
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs  
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lies  
Still mock me, and grow bold :  
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could  
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a constant wit  
I may but look towards thee :  
Look onely ; for to love thee, who can be,  
What angel fit ?

## ¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,  
 I saw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*  
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by  
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth  
 To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me  
 To be the bodie and the letters both  
 Of *Joy* and *Charitie*. Sir, you have not miss'd,  
 The man reply'd; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

---

## ¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end  
 Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,  
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend  
 To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land  
 Onely to man thou hast made known thy wayes,  
 And put the pen alone into his hand,  
 And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;  
 Trees would be tuning on their native lute  
 To thy renown: but all their hands and throats  
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: he doth present  
 The sacrifice for all; while they below  
 Unto the service mutter an assent,  
 Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,  
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,  
 But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;  
 And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me : but, if beasts must teach,  
 The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.  
 The trees say, Pull me : but the hand you stretch,  
 Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present  
 For me and all my fellows praise to thee :  
 And just it is that I should pay the rent,  
 Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love  
 To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;  
 Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,  
 While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*  
 Lay hands on all : they are thy *right* and *left*.  
 The first puts on with speed and expedition ;  
 The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both : all must appear,  
 And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,  
 Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare  
 Thy skill and art, what musick would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :  
 Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.  
 Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :  
 For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee ; they know thy hand,  
 And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,  
 Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand  
 Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set,  
 Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.  
 Birds teach us hawking : fishes have their net :  
 The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat :  
Flies have their table spread, e're they appear.  
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;  
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,  
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !  
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,  
As bouls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.  
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,  
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food,  
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise  
Their masters flow'r, but leave it, having done,  
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :  
So both the flow'r doth stay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more :  
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil :  
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store :  
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare  
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones ?  
Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care  
Would show a root that gives expressions !

And if an herb hath power, what have the starres !  
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.  
Doubtlesse our plagues and plenty, peace and warres  
Are there much surer then our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metalls: man may take them thence ;  
But at his perill : when he digs the place,  
He makes a grave ; as if the thing had sense,  
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?  
 Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?  
 Since where are poysons, antidots are most;  
 The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,  
 Is by a ship the speedier passage made.  
 The winds, who think they rule the mariner,  
 Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore  
 Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.  
 The hills with health abound; the vales with store;  
 The South with marble; North with furies and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap.  
 The common all men have: that which is rare,  
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.  
 The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glasse: warm without weight  
 Is wooll and furies: cool without closeness, shade:  
 Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height,  
 A servile hawk: low without losse, a spade.

All countreys have enough to serve their need:  
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run  
 For their offence; and then dost turn their speed  
 To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing wears clothes but Man; nothing doth need  
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,  
 But Man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:  
 And onely he hath feuel in desire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:  
 Whē that lay gather'd, thou didst brook the mountains:  
 When yet some places could no moisture get, (rains.  
 The winds grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-  
 Rain,

Rain, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend  
Your hony drops : presse not to smell them here :  
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,  
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make  
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.  
How smooth are silks compared with a stake,  
Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,  
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone  
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and canne,  
Boar, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.  
Cold fruits warm kernels help against the wind.  
The limons juyce and rind cure mutually.  
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,  
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.  
Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast ;  
Sponges, non-sense and sense ; mines, th' earth & plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot  
Were worse then ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.  
Most things move th' under-jaw ; the Crocodile nor.  
Most things sleep lying ; th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?  
None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them:  
And none can know thy works, which are so many,  
And so complete, but onely he that owns them.

All things that are, though they have sev' rall wayes,  
Yet in their being joyn with one advice  
To honour thee : and so I give thee praise  
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name  
 It go for one, hath many wayes in store  
 To honour thee : and so each hymne thy fame  
 Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

---

## ¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine : but he  
 An anchor gave to me.  
 Then an old prayer-book I did present:  
 And he an optick sent.  
 With that I gave a vial full of tears :  
 But he a few green eares.  
 Ah Loyterer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :  
 I did expect a ring.

---

## ¶ Sinnes round.

Sorie I am, my God, sorie I am,  
 That my offences course it in a ring.  
 My thoughts are working like a busie flame,  
 Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring :  
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,  
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.  
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,  
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.  
 They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,  
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.  
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :  
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.  
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :  
 And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,  
 As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.  
 Yet ill deeds loyter not : for they supply  
 New thoughts of sinning : wherefore to my shame,  
 Sorie I am, my God, sorie I am. ¶ Time.



¶ Time.

**M**eeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,  
Thy fithe is dull ; whet it for shame.  
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,  
If it at length deserve some blame :  
But where one man would have me grind it,  
Twentie for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,  
Who above all things lov'd this life ;  
To whom thy fithe a hatchet was,  
Which now is but a pruning-knife.  
Christs coming hath made man thy debter,  
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest :  
For where thou onely wert before  
An executioner at best ;  
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more,  
An usher to convey our souls  
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,  
While it detains us from our God.  
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,  
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.  
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,  
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,  
Which ev'n eternitie excludes !  
Thus farre Time heard me patiently :  
Then chafing said, This man deludes :  
What do I here before his doore ?  
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

¶ Grateful-

## ¶ Gratefulnesse.

**T**Hou that hast giv'n so much to me,  
 Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.  
 See how thy begger works on thee  
 By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,  
 And sayes, If he in this be crost,  
 All thou hast giv'n him heretofore  
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first  
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,  
 What it would come to at the worst  
 To save.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,  
 Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms,  
 Gift upon gift; much would have more,  
 And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,  
 And didst allow us all our noise :  
 Nay, thou hast made a sigh and grone  
 Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above  
 Much better tunes then grones can make ;  
 But that these countrey-aies thy love  
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again ;  
 And in no quiet canst thou be,  
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain  
 Of thee :

Not

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me ;  
As if thy blessings had spare-dayes :  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

---

¶ Peace.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And ask'd if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :  
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peaces coat :  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spie  
A gallant flower,  
The crown Imperiall : Sure, said I,  
Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devoure  
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man ;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began :  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

He

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetnesse did not save  
His life from foes.

But after death out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :  
Which many wondring at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth :  
For they that taste it do rehearse,  
That vertue lies therein ;  
A secret vertue bringing peace and mirth  
By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you ;  
Make bread of it : and that repose  
And peace, which ev'ry where  
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,  
Is onely there.

### ¶ Confession.

O What a cunning guest  
Is this same grief ! within my heart I made  
Closets, and in them many a chest ;  
And, like a master in my trade,  
In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :  
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scruce, no piercer can  
Into a piece of timber work and wind,  
As Gods afflictions into man,  
When he a torture hath design'd.  
They are too subtil for the subt'leest hearts ;  
And fall, like rheums, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth ; and they,  
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about :  
And till they foot and clutch their prey,  
They never cool, much lesse give out.  
No smith can make such locks but they have keyes.  
Closets are halls to them ; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast  
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;  
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,  
But quickly seek some new adventure.  
Smooth open hearts no fasting have ; but fiction  
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes,  
Lord, I acknowledge ; take thy plagues away :  
For since confession pardon winnes,  
I challenge here the brightest day,  
The clearest diamond : let them do their best,  
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

---

¶ *Giddinesse.*

O H what a thing is man ! how farre from power,  
From settled peace and rest !  
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least  
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure :  
But then a thought creeps in,  
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne  
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres ;  
     Now eat his bread in peace,  
 And snudge in quiet ; now he scorns increase ;  
     Now all day spares.

He builds an house, which quickly down must go,  
     As if a whirlwind blew  
 And crusht the building : and it's partly true,  
     His mind is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires  
     Did alter with his mind ;  
 And, like a Dolphines skinne, his clothes combin'd  
     With his desires !

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,  
     There would be no commeree,  
 No sale or bargain passe : all would disperse,  
     And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us : one creation  
     Will not suffice our turn :  
 Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn  
     Our own salvation.

### ¶ The bunch of grapes.

Joy, I did lock thee up, but some bad man  
     Hath let thee out again :  
 And now, me thinks, I am where I began  
     Seven yeares ago ; one vogue and vein,  
     One aire of thoughts usurps my brain.  
 I did toward Canaan draw ; but now I am  
 Brought back to the Red sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by Gods command  
 Travell'd, and saw no town;  
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:  
 Their storie pennes and set us down.  
 A single deed is small renown.  
 Gods works are wide, and let in future times:  
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian-fires and clouds;  
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast:  
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and throwds;  
 Alas! our murmurings come not last.  
 But where's the cluster? where's the taste  
 Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,  
 Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?  
 I have their fruit and more.  
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noahs vine,  
 And made it bring forth grapes good store.  
 But much more him I must adore,  
 Who of the Laws sower juice sweet wine did make,  
 Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

D EARE friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:  
 And in my faintings I presume your love  
 Will more complie then help. A Lord I had,  
 And have, of whom some grounds which may improve  
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.  
 To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,  
 And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he  
 ( I sigh to say )

Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye  
 Better then you know me, or (which is one)  
 Then I my self. The servant instantly  
 Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,  
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall  
 A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side  
 Of a great rock : I well remember all,  
 And have good cause : there it was dipt and di'd,  
 And washt, and wrung : the very wringing yet  
 Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*  
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit  
 Many a fault more then my lease will bear ;  
 Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.  
 But you shall heare. After my heart was well,  
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide

( I sigh to tell )

Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large  
 And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon  
 A boyling caldron, round about whose verge  
 Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.  
 The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went  
 To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,  
 Thinking with that which I did thus present,  
 To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.  
 But as my heart did tender it, the man  
 Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,  
 And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;  
 My heart that brought it (do you understand ?)  
 The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*  
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter  
 Began to sprede and to expariate there :  
 But with a richer drug then scalding water  
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,  
 Which at a board, while many drunk bate wive,  
 A friend did steal into my cup for good,  
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and molt di'ine



To supple hardnesſes. But at the length  
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled  
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength  
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.  
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults;

( I ſigh to ſpeak )

I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,  
I would ſay *thorns*. Deare, could my heart not break,  
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?  
Full well I underſtood who had been there:  
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:  
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*  
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepie ſtate of mind  
Did oft poſſeſſe me; ſo that when I pray'd,  
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behind.  
But all my ſcores were by another paid,  
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*  
*For ought I heare, your Maſter ſhows to you*  
*More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.*  
*The Font did onely what was old renew:*  
*The Caldron ſuppled what was grown too hard:*  
*The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull.*  
*All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.*  
*wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full*  
*Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,*  
*who ſain would have you be new, tender, quick.*

### ¶ Mans medley.

**H**eark how the birds do ſing,  
And woods do ring.  
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.  
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,  
Mans joy and pleaſure  
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of sense  
 Make their pretense :  
 In th'other Angels have a right by birth :  
 Man ties them both alone,  
 And makes them one,  
 With th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,  
 In flesh he dies.  
 He wears a stuff, whose thread is coarse and round,  
 But trimm'd with curious lace,  
 And should take place  
 After the trimming, not the stuff and ground,

Not, that he may not here  
 Taste of the cheer :  
 But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,  
 So must he sip and think  
 Of better drink  
 He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double ;  
 So is his trouble.  
 He hath two winters, other things but one :  
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip,  
 And bite his lip ;  
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs  
 May be reliefs,  
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways.  
 Happie is he, whose heart  
 Hath found the art  
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

¶ *The Storm.*

**I**F, as the winds and waters here below  
Do flie and flow,  
My sighs and tears as busie were above;  
Sure they would move  
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times  
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,  
As well as we.

A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse  
Hath a strange force:  
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,  
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,  
And drowns the song.  
Glorie and honour are set by till it  
An answer get.

Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best;  
They purge the aire without, within the breast.

---

¶ *Paradise.*

**I** Blesse thee, Lord, because I **ROW**  
Among thy trees, which in a **ROW**  
To thee both fruit and order **OW**.

What open force, or hidden **CHARM**  
Can blast my fruit, or bring me **HARM**,  
While the inclosure is thine **ARM**?

Inclose me still for fear I **S T A R T**.  
 Be to me rather sharp and **T A R T**,  
 Then let me want thy hand & **A R T**.

When thou dost greater judgements **S P A R E**,  
 And with thy knife but prune and **P A R E**,  
 Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull **A R E**.

Such sharpnesse shows the sweetest **F R E N D**:  
 Such cuttings rather heal then **R E N D**:  
 And such beginnings touch their **E N D**.

### ¶ *The Method.*

**P**Oore heart, lament.  
 For since thy God refuseth still,  
 There is some rub, some discontent,  
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*  
 Quickly effect what thou dost move;  
 For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;  
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,  
 Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book.  
 If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,  
 Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see  
 Written above there? *Yesterday*  
*I did behave me carelessly,*  
*when I did pray.*

*And*

And should Gods eare  
To such indifferents chained be,  
Who do not their own motions heare ?  
Is God lesse free ?

But stay ! what's there ?  
*Late when I would have something done,*  
*I had a motion to forbear,*  
*Yet I went on.*

And should Gods eare,  
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those  
Who heare not him, but quickly heare  
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :  
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.  
Seek pardon first, and God will say,  
*Glad heart rejoyce.*

¶ *Divinitie.*

**A**S men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod,  
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd ;  
As if a starre were duller then a clod,  
Which knows his way without a guide :

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,  
Divinities transcendent skie :  
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.  
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdome which first broch'd the wine,  
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?  
And jagg'd his seamlesse coat, had that been fine,  
With curious questions and divisions ?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,  
 Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:  
 At least those beams of truth, which onely save,  
 Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour. watch and pray.  
 Do as you would be done unto.*

○ dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!  
 Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.  
 Bid what he please; yet I am sure,  
 To take and taste what he doth there designe,  
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;  
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head!  
 Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can  
 To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. 4. 30.

*Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.*

**A**nd art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,  
 When I am sowre,  
 And crosse thy love?  
 Grieved for me? the God of strength and power  
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,  
 I passe away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :

Weep foolish heart,

And weeping live :

For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,

End as the night, (whose sable hue

Your sinnes expresse:) melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,

Crie out, Get hence,

Or crie no more.

Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense :

I sinne not to my grief alone,

But to my Gods too ; he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,

Which may with thee

All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.

Marbles can weep ; and surely strings

More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,

Ev'n endlesse tears

Without relief.

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,

But runnes, although I be not drie ;

I am no Crystall, what shall I ?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail

Nature denies ;

And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :

Lord, pardon, for thy Sonne makes good

My want of tears with store of blood.

## ¶ The Family.

**V**hat doth this noise of thoughts within my  
 As if they had a part? (heart,  
 What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,  
 As if there were no rule or cares?

But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,  
 Though some of them repine.  
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat;  
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,  
 Then Order playes the soul;  
 And giving all things their set forms and houres,  
 Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Mumble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,  
 Expecting a command:  
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,  
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;  
 But griefs without a noise:  
 Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears,  
 What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:  
 And where these are not found,  
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;  
 But not to make a constant stay.



¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.  
Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have  
Title to more hereafter when they part,  
Are passing brave.  
Let th'upper springs into the low  
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a freight  
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?  
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,  
When griefs prevail,  
And for the future time art heir  
To th' Isle of spices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full  
Is more then God was, who was hungry here:  
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disanull?  
Enact good cheer?  
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?  
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;  
But little do reserve themselves for more:  
Those have their hopes, these what they have renounce,  
And live on score:  
Those are at home; these journey still,  
And meet the rest on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,  
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,  
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;  
Whereas a bit  
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,  
And for the present health restore.

A Christians state and case  
Is not a corpulent, but a thinnè and spare,  
Yet active strength : whose long and bonie face  
Content and care  
Do seem to equally divide,  
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;  
Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.  
If comforts sell according to desert,  
They would great frosts and snows destroy :  
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam  
Which thou hast open'd : do not spreade thy robe  
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,  
An earthly globe,  
On whose meridian was engraven,  
*These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.*

**Artillerie.**

AS I one evening sat before my cell,  
 Me thoughts a starre did thoot into my lap.  
 I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,  
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap:  
 When suddenly I heard one say,  
*Do as thou usest, disobey,*  
*Expell good motions from thy breast,*  
*which have the face of fire, but end in rest.*

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,  
But not of speech in starres, began to muse :  
But turning to my God, whose ministers  
The starres and all things are ; If I refuse,  
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;  
Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud  
To wash away my stubborn thought :  
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,  
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.  
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,  
And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.  
Not but I am (I must say still)  
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,  
Then thou to grant mine : but because  
Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne  
To enter combat with us, and contest  
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain ;  
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :

I must be so, if I am mine.

There is no artickling with thee :

I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

## ¶ Church-rents and schismes.

**B**Rave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair  
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,  
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair  
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.  
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root  
 And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind  
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,  
 Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind  
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,  
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,  
 And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious blood  
 Gave you a colour once; which when your foes  
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,  
 And made you look much fresher then before.  
 But when debates and fretting jealousies  
 Did worm and work within you more and more,  
 Your colour faded, and calamities  
     Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:  
 Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your sev'ral parts unloose and start:  
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind  
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt  
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kind,  
 Where shall I get me eyes enow to weep,  
 As many eyes as starres? Since it is night,  
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,  
 And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might  
     With these two poore ones lick up all the dew  
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

¶ Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadfull Justice, what a fright and terror  
Wast thou of old,  
When sinne and error  
Did show and shape thy looks to me,  
And through their glasse discolour thee !  
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,  
Like two great pits ;  
The beam and scape  
Did like some tort'ring engine show :  
Thy hand above did burn and glow,  
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,  
I see no fears :  
Thy hand is white,  
Thy scales like buckets, which attend  
And interchangeably descend,  
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,  
Now I still touch  
And harp on thee.  
Gods promises have made thee mine;  
Why should I justice now decline ?  
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on; seeing the hill, where lay  
My expectation.  
A long it was and weary way.  
The gloomy cave of Desperation  
I left on th'one, and on the other side  
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Phanſies meadow ſtrow'd  
     With many a flower :  
 Fain would I here have made abode,  
 But I was quicken'd by my houre.  
 So to Cares cops I came, and there got through  
     With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Paſſion, which  
     Some call the wold ;  
 A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.  
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,  
 Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd  
     Close to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſome hill,  
     Where lay my hope,  
 Where lay my heart : and climbing ſtill,  
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,  
 A lake of brackiſh waters on the ground  
     Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting  
     Of ſwarming fears,  
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King !  
 Can both the way and end be tears ?  
 Yet taking heart, I roſe, and then perceiv'd  
     I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further : ſo I flung away,  
     Yet heard a crie  
 Juſt as I went, *None goes that way*  
*And lives* : If that be all, ſaid I,  
 After ſo foul a journey death is fair,  
     And but a chair.

¶ The Holdfast.

I Threatned to observe the strict decree  
Of my deare God with all my power and might :  
But I was told by one it could not be ;  
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.  
Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :  
We must confesse that nothing is our own.  
Then I confesse that he my succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse  
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,  
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,  
That all things were more ours by being his.  
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,  
*Christ* keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

Do not beguile my heart,  
Because thou art  
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,  
Because I am  
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory ;  
The deed and story  
Are both thy due : but I a silly flie,  
That live or die  
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord ?  
Shows not thy word  
More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,  
To weep or crie ?  
Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathfull power  
 Afflict my houre,  
 My inch of life : or let thy gracious power  
 Contract my houre,  
 That I may climbe and find relief.

---

¶ *The Discharge.*

**B** Use enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?  
 Why dost thou prie,  
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye  
 Look high and low,  
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all ?  
 Did not thy heart

Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?  
 Let what will fall :

That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,  
 And is his right.

He is thy night at noon : he is at night  
 Thy noon alone.

The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,  
 That God did make

Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake :

For thou canst tell,

If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.

And happy thou,

If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,

Thou couldst well see

What present things requir'd of thee.

*They*



They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?  
    Raise not the mudde  
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.  
    Dig not for wo  
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,  
    He breaks the square.  
This houre is raine : if for the next I care,  
    I grow too wide,  
And do encroch upon deaths side :

For death each houre environs and surrounds.  
    He that would know  
And care for future chances, cannot go  
    Unto those grounds,  
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend  
    Their thoughts and sense  
On future grief, do not remove it thence,  
    But it extend,  
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,  
    And wake thy sorrow ?  
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,  
    And then again  
Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come ; or if it must,  
    Do not forecast :  
And while it cometh, it is almost past.  
    Away distrust :  
My God hath premis'd ; he is just.

¶ Praise.

## ¶ Praise.

**K**ing of Glorie, King of Peace,  
 I will love thee:  
 And that love may never cease,  
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,  
 Thou hast heard me:  
 Thou didst note my working breast,  
 Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art  
 I will sing thee,  
 And the cream of all my heart  
 I will bring thee.

Though my sinnes against me cried,  
 Thou didst clear me;  
 And alone, when they replied,  
 Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,  
 I will praise thee.  
 In my heart, though not in heaven,  
 I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,  
 Thou relentedst:  
 And when Justice call'd for fears,  
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort  
 To enroll thee:  
 Ev'n eternitie is too short  
 To extoll thee.

## ¶ An offering.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow  
 As meas returns, what would become of fools ?  
 What hast thou there ? a heart ? but is it pure ?  
 Search well and see ; for hearts have many holes.  
 Yet one pure heart is nothing so bestow :  
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,  
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts !  
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number ;  
 And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.  
 In publick judgements one may be a nation,  
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,  
 As neither good, nor one : so oft divisions  
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone ;  
 Thy passions also have their set partitions.  
 These parcel out thy heart : recover these,  
 And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a bloud, (close  
 Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and  
 All sorts of wounds ; of such strange force it is.  
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,  
 Untill thou find and use it to thy good :  
 Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymne be this ;

SInce my sadnesse  
 Into gladnesse  
 Lord thou dost convert,  
 O accept  
 What thou hast kept,  
 As thy due desert.

Had

Had I many,  
 Had I any,  
 ( For this heart is none )  
 All were thine  
 And none of mine ;  
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour  
 May give favour  
 To this poore oblation ;  
 And it raise  
 To be thy praise,  
 And be my salvation.

## ¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,  
 With doubling knees and wearie bones,  
 To thee my cries,  
 To thee my grones,  
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:  
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;  
 My heart is wither'd like a ground  
 Which thou dost curse.  
 My thoughts turn round,  
 And make me giddy : Lord, I fall,  
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.  
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
 And dost dispose  
 To them a part :  
 Their infants them, and they suck thee  
 More free.

*The Church.*

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Bowels of pitie, heare !  
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,  
Bowe down thine eare !  
Let not the wind  
Scatter my words, and in the same  
Thy name !

Look on my sorrows round !  
Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,  
What heats abound !  
What griefs, what flames !  
Consider Lord ; Lord, bowe thine eare,  
And heare !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bowe  
Thy dying head upon the tree :  
O be not now  
More dead to me !  
Lord heare ! *Shall he that made the eare,*  
*Not heare ?*

Behold, thy dust doth stirre ;  
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :  
Wilt thou deferre  
To succour me,  
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumbe  
Sayes, Come ?

To thee help appertains.  
Hast thou left all things to their course,  
And laid the reins  
Upon the horse ?  
Is all lockt ? hath a sinners plea  
No key ?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,  
 Where all things have their leaf assign'd :  
 Yet a meek look  
 Hath interlin'd,  
 Thy board is full, yet humble guests  
 Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,  
 And fall to nothing : thou dost reigne,  
 And rule on high,  
 While I remain  
 In bitter grief : yet am I styl'd  
 Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,  
 Not to relieve ? how can it be,  
 That thou art grown  
 Thus hard to me ?  
 Were sinne alive, good cause there were  
 To bear.

But now both sinne is dead,  
 And all thy promises live and bide :  
 That wants his head ;  
 These speak and chide,  
 And in thy bosome poure my tears,  
 As theirs.

Lord J x s u, heare my heart,  
 Which hath been broken now so long,  
 That ev'ry part  
 Hath got a tongue !  
 Thy beggers grow ; rid them away  
 To day

My love, my sweetnesse, heare ?  
By these thy feet, at which my heart  
Lies all the yeare,  
Pluck out thy dart,  
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,  
Which dies.

---

¶ *The Bag.*

**A** Way despair ; my gracious Lord doth heare,  
Though winds and waves assault my keel,  
He doth preserve it : he doth steer,  
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.  
Storms are the triumph of his art :  
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord J e s u s di'd ?  
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.  
The God of power, as he did ride  
In his majestick robes of glorie,  
Resolv'd to light : and so one day  
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,  
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,  
The skie his azure mantle gain'd.  
And when they ask'd what he would wear ;  
He smil'd and said as he did go,  
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,  
He did repair unto an inne.  
Both then and after, many a brunt  
He did endure to cancell sinne :  
And having giv'n the rest before,  
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one  
 That ran upon him with a spear.  
 He, who came hither all alone,  
 Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,  
 Receiv'd the blow upon his side,  
 And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,  
 (I have no bag, but here is room)  
 Unto my fathers hands and sight  
 (Beleeve me) it shall safely come.  
 That I shall mind, what you impart;  
 Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends  
 Will use me in this kind, the doore  
 Shall still be open; what he sends  
 I will present, and somewhat more,  
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey  
 Any thing to me. Heark despair, away.

### ¶ The Jews.

Poore nation, whose sweet sap and juice  
 Our cyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:  
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,  
 And use in Baptisme, while ye pine and die:  
 Who by not keeping once, became a debter;  
 And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!  
 Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound;  
 At which the church falling upon her face  
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,  
 And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,  
 That your sweet sap might come again!

¶ The



¶ The collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more ;  
I will abroad.

What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?

My lines and life are free ; free as the roe

Loose as the wind, as large as store,

Shall I be still in suit ?

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me blood, and not restore

What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?

Sure there was wine

Before my sighs did drie it : there was corn

Before my tears did drown it.

Is the yeare onely lost to me ?

Have I no bayes to crown it ?

No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?

All wasted ?

Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,

And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age

On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute

Of what is fit, and not : forsake thy cage,

Thy rope of sands,

Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee

Good cable, to enforce and draw,

And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away ; take heed.

I will abroad.

Call in thy deaths head there : tie up thy fears.

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need,

Deserves his load.

But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild

At every word,

Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child :*

And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ *The Glimpse.*

Whither away delight ?  
 Thou cam'st but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,  
 And give me up to night ?  
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart  
 But one half houre of comfort for my heart ?

Me thinks delight should have  
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.  
 Wert thou a wind or wave,  
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime :  
 Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay  
 Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.  
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)  
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;  
 Which by the springs accessse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart  
 Pickt here and there a crumbe, and would not die,  
 But constant to his part,  
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,  
 A slender threed a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept  
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.  
 Although thy heap be kept  
 For future times, the droppings of the stock  
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,  
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.  
 Thou knowst how grief and sinne  
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,  
 Who by thy coming may be made a court !

¶ *Assurance.*

¶ Assurance.

○ Spitefull bitter thought !  
Bitterly spitefull thought ! Couldst thou invent  
So high a torture ? Is such poyson bought ?  
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,  
When wit contrives to meet with thee,  
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,  
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,  
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow  
And coyn large hopes ; but, that I was deceiv'd ;  
Either the league was broke, or neare it ;  
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? what more  
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse ?  
What is thy aim ? wouldst thou unlock the doore  
To cold despairs and gnawing pensivenesse ?  
Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know,  
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,  
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,  
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,  
Were from my self, I had not half a word,  
Not half a letter to oppose  
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert :  
And in this league, which now my foes invade,  
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,  
But also mine ; as when the league was made,  
Thou didst at once thy self endite,  
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,  
 Then can thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,  
 And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail :  
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,  
 Then shalt thou be my rock and towre,  
 And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,  
 Spin out thy threed, and make thereof a coat  
 To hide thy shame : for thou hast cast a bone  
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat,  
 What for it self love once began,  
 Now love and truth will end in man.

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### ¶ The Call.

**C**ome, my Way, my Truth, my Life :  
 Such a Way, as gives us breath :  
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife :  
 Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :  
 Such a Light, as shows a feast :  
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :  
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :  
 Such a Joy, as none can move :  
 Such a Love, as none can part :  
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Claspings

¶ Claspings of hands.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,  
 If mine I am : and thine much more,  
 Then I or ought, or can be mine.  
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;  
 So that again I now am mine,  
 And with advantage mine the more :  
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,  
 And thou with me dost thee restore.  
 If I without thee would be mine,  
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :  
 So mine thou art, that something more  
 I may presume thee mine then thine.  
 For thou didst suffer to restore  
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :  
 And with advantage mine the more,  
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,  
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.  
 O be mine still ! still make me thine :  
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ Praise.

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,  
 Thy praise alone.  
 My busie heart shall spinne it all my dayes :  
 And when it stops for want of store,  
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,  
 That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,  
It runnes, it flies :

All things concurre to give it a perfection,  
That which had but two legs before,

When thou dost blesse, hath twelve : one wheel doth  
To twenty then, or more. (rise

But when thou dost on businesse blow,  
It hangs, it clogs :

Not all the teams of Albion in a row

Can hale or draw it out of doore.

Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,  
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ  
In ruling all

This spacious globe : Angels must have their joy,  
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,

The winds their stint : and yet when I did call,  
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear :

But when mine eyes

Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there

(As we have boxes for the poore)

Ready to take them in ; yet of a size

That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop

From thy right eye,

(Which there did hang like streamers neare the top

Of some fair church, to show the sore

And bloody battel which thou once didst trie)

The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,  
 Though press'd, runnes thin;  
 O that I might some other hearts convert,  
 And so take up at use good store;  
 That to thy chests there might be coming in  
 Both all my praise, and more!

¶ Josephs coat.

Wounded I sing, tormented I endite,  
 Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest:  
 Sorrow hath chang'd its note: such is his will,  
 Who changeth all things as him pleaseth best.  
 For well he knows, if but one grief and smart  
 Among my many had his full career,  
 Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,  
 And both would runne untill they found a beer  
 To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.  
 But he hath spoil'd the race, and giv'n to anguish  
 One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief  
 To linger in me, and together languish.  
 I live to shew his power, who once did bring  
 My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at first made Man,  
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by;  
 Let us (said he) poure on him all we can:  
 Let the worlds riches, which disperfed lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
 He would adore my gifts in stead of me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse :  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodnesse lead him not, yet wearinesse  
 May toss him to my breast.

### ¶ The Priesthood.

**B**lest Order, which in power dost so excell,  
 That with th'one hand thou liftest to the skie,  
 And with the other throwest down to hell  
 In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh,  
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword  
 For that of th'holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;  
 And I but earth and clay : should I presume  
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire  
 My slender compositions might consume.  
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit  
 To deal in holy Writ.



Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand  
And force of fire, what curious things are made  
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,  
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade  
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those  
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,  
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;  
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat  
Have one beginning and one finall summe:  
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,  
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are  
As serve him up, who all the world commands:  
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,  
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands.  
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,  
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand  
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake  
Through th'old sinnes and new doctrines of our land;  
Onely, since God doth often vessels make  
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,  
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek  
For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill:  
Then is my time. The distance of the neck  
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill  
In praising might, the poore do by submission  
What pride by opposition.

## ● The Search.

**W**Hither, O, whither art thou fled,  
My Lord, my Love ?  
My searches are my daily bread ;  
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the skie :  
And yet the sphere  
And centre both to me deny  
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below  
Grow green and gay ;  
As if to meet thee they did know,  
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above  
  Simpler andaine,  
As having keyes unto thy love,  
  While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,  
Deep drawn in pain;  
Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout  
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)  
 Into a grone,  
 Because the search was dumbe before :  
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold  
Which favour winnes,  
And keeps thee present, leaving th' old  
Unto their finnes?

## Where:

Where is my God ? what hidden place  
 Conceals thee still ?  
 What covert dare eclipse thy face ?  
 Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :  
 Let rather brasse,  
 Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,  
 And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,  
 As passeth thought :  
 To it all strength, all subtilties  
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,  
 As that to it  
 East and West touch, the poles do kisse,  
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large,  
 As is thy space,  
 Thy distance from me ; see my charge,  
 Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away ;  
 Turn, and restore me :  
 Be not Almighty, let me say,  
 Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare ;  
 What edge so keen,  
 What point so piercing can appear  
 To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excell  
 All distance known :  
 So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,  
 Making two one.

## ¶ Grief.

**O** Who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,  
 Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds, & rain:  
 My grief hath need of all the warric things,  
 That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein  
 Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,  
 My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,  
 Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies  
 To bear them out, and with my state agree.  
 What are two shallow foords, two little spouts  
 Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,  
 A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,  
 Which want provision in the midst of all.  
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise  
 For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,  
 Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,  
 And keep your measures for some lovers lute,  
 Whose grief allows him musick and a rhyme:  
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.

Alas, my God!

## ¶ The Crosse.

**W**Hat is this strange and uncouth thing?  
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint and die,  
 Untill I had some place, where I might sing,  
 And serve thee; and not onely I,  
 But all my wealth and family might combine.  
 To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And

And then when after much delay,  
Much wraſtling, many a combat, this deare end,  
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away  
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend  
All my abilities, my deſignes confound,  
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,  
Another in my ſoul (the memorie  
What I would do for thee, if once my grones  
Could be allow'd for harmonic)  
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,  
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſing.

Befides, things ſort not to my will,  
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:  
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,  
Taking me up to throw me down:  
So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,  
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be  
Farther from it then when I beat my bow;  
To make my hopes my torture, and the ſee  
Of all my woes another wo,  
Is in the miſt of delicates to need,  
And ev'n in Paradife to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, eaſe my ſmart!  
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſſe actions  
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:  
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions  
Are properly a croſſe felt by thy Sonne,  
With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

## ¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and cleane  
 Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring ;  
 To which, besides their own demean,  
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
     Grief melts away  
     Like snow in May,  
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart  
 Could have recover'd greenesse ? It was gone  
 Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart  
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;  
     Where they together  
     All the hard weather,  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,  
 Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell  
 And up to heaven in an houre ;  
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
     We say amisse,  
     This or that is :  
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither !  
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
 Offering at heav'n, growing and groning thither :  
     Nor doth my flower  
     Want a spring-showre,  
 My finnes and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,  
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline :  
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn,  
When thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,  
After so many deaths I live and write ;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing. O my onely light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,  
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide :  
Which when we once can find and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.  
Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

### ¶ Dotage.

FAlse glozing pleasures, casks of happineſſe,  
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,  
Chafes in Arras, gilded emptineſſe,  
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,  
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes ;  
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest ſorrows, rooted miſeries,  
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,  
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,  
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,  
Fetching their prooſs ev'n from the very bone ;  
These are the ſorrows here. But

But oh the folly of distracted men,  
 Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;  
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den  
 Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,  
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true  
 Then miseries are here!

---

¶ *The Sonne.*

**L** Et forrain nations of their language boast,  
 What fine varietie each tongue affords:  
 I like our language, as our men and coast:  
 Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.  
 How nearly do we give one onely name  
 To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre!  
 A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame  
 Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd farre  
 From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new  
 Western discov'ries of posteritie.  
 So in one word our Lords humilitie  
 We turn upon him in a sense most true:  
 For what Christ once in humblenesse began,  
 We him in glory call, *The Sonne of Man.*

---

¶ *A true Hymne.*

**MY** joy, my life, my crown!  
 My heart was meaning all the day,  
 Somewhat it fain would say:  
 And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down  
 With onely this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*



Yet flight not these few words:  
If truly said, they may take part  
Among the best in art.  
The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,  
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,  
And all the soul, and strength, and time,  
If the words onely rhyme,  
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind  
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kind.

Whereas if th'heart be moved,  
Although the verse be somewhat scant,  
God doth supply the want:  
As when th'heart sayes (sighing to be approved)  
*O, could I love!* and stops; God writeth, *Loved.*

### ¶ The Answer.

**M**Y comforts drop and melt away like snow:  
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends  
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow  
Like leaves about me, or like summer-friends,  
Flies of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,  
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,  
But in my prosecutions slack and small;  
As a young exhalation, newly waking,  
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the skie;  
But cooling by the way, grows purtie and slow,  
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die  
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so  
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,  
Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

## ¶ A Dialogue- Antheme.

*Christian. Death.*

*Chr.* **A** Las, poore Death ! where is thy glorie ?  
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?

*Dea.* *Alas, poore mortall, void of storie !*  
*Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.*

*Chr.* Poore death ! and who was hurt thereby ?  
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

*Dea.* *Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die ;* (worst.  
*These arms shall crush thee. Chr.* Spare not, do thy  
I shall be one day better then before :  
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more,

## ¶ The Water-course.

**T**hou who dost dwell and linger here below,  
Since the condition of this world is frail,  
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow ;  
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail :

For who can look for lesse, that loveth { Life ?  
Strife ?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course  
To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store  
Of sov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse ;  
That so in purenesse thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation.  
Damnation.

¶ Self.

¶ **Self-condemnation.**

**T**Hou who condemnest Jewish hate,  
For choosing Barabbas a murderer  
Before the Lord of glorie;  
Look back upon thine own estate,  
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)  
That choice may be thy florice.

He that doth love, and love amisse  
This worlds delights before true Christian joy,  
Hath made a Jewish choice:  
The world an ancient murderer is;  
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy  
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorie wedding  
Between his soul and gold, and hath prefer'd  
False gain before the true,  
Hath done what he condemns in reading;  
For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,  
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,  
And judge our selves. That light, which sin and passion  
Did before dimme and choke,  
When once those snuffs are ta'n away,  
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,  
Without excuse or cloke.

---

¶ **Bitter-sweet.**

**A**H my deare angrie Lord!  
Since thou dost love, yet strike;  
Cast down, yet help afford;  
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;  
 I will bewail, approve:  
 And all my sowre-sweet dayes  
 I will lament, and love.

### ¶ The Glance.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye  
 Vouchsaf'd even in the midst of youth and night  
 To look upon me, who before did lie  
 Weltring in sinne:

I felt a sugred strange delight,  
 Passing all cordials made by any art,  
 Bedew, embalm, and overrunne my heart,  
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm  
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,  
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm  
 His swing and sway:

But still thy sweet originall joy  
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,  
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,  
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,  
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;  
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see  
 Thy full-ey'd love!

When thou shalt look us out of pain,  
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight  
 More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light  
 In heav'n above!

## ¶ The 23 Psalm.

**T**He God of love my shepherd is,  
And he that doth me feed;  
While he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,  
Where I both feed and rest;  
Then to the streams that gently passe:  
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert  
And bring my mind in frame;  
And all this not for my desert,  
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths shady black abode  
Well may I walk, not fear:  
For thou art with me; and thy rod  
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,  
Ev'n in my enemies sight:  
My head with oyl, my cup with wine  
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love  
Shall measure all my dayes:  
And as it never shall remove,  
So neither shall my praise.

¶ Marie

## ¶ Marie Magdalene.

**W**hen blessed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,  
 (Whose precepts she had trampled on before)  
 And wore them for a jewel on her head,  
 Shewing his steps should be the street,  
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore  
 With penfive humbleness would live and tread:  
 She being stain'd her self, why did she strive  
 To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?  
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,  
 And not his feet? Though we could dive  
 In tears like seas, our finnes are pil'd  
 Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.  
 Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne  
 To bear her filth; and that her finnes did dash  
 Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,  
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,  
 So to bring in wherewith to wash:  
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.

---

## ¶ Aaron.

Holiness on the head,  
 Light and perfections on the breast,  
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead  
 To lead them unto life and rest:  
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,  
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,  
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead  
 Unto a place where is no rest:  
 Poore priest thus am I drest!

Onely another head  
I have, another heart and breast,  
Another musick, making live, not dead,  
Without whom I could have no rest:  
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,  
My alone onely heart and breast,  
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;  
That to the old man I may rest,  
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,  
Perfect and light in my deare breast,  
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,  
But lives in me while I do rest)  
Come people; Aaron's drest.

¶ The Odour. 2. Cor. 2.

**H**ow sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*  
As Amber-greece leaves a rich sent  
Unto the taster:

So do these words a sweet content,  
An orientall fragrancie, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my mind,  
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;  
That I might find

What cordials make this curious broth,  
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

*My Master*, shall I speak? O that to thee  
*My servant* were a little so,  
As flesh may be;

That these two words might creep and grow  
To some degree of spicinesse to thee!

H

Then

Then should the Pomander, which was before  
A speaking sweet, mend by reflexion,  
And tell me more :

For pardon of my imperfection  
Would warm and work it sweeter then before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,  
And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,  
Shall call and meer,

*My servant*, as thee not displeasing ;  
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me  
( As sweet things traffick when they meet )  
Return to thee :

And so this new commerce and sweet  
Should all my life employ and busie me.

---

### ¶ The Foil.

IF we could see below  
The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace  
As plainly as that above doth show ;  
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil  
To set off vertues, griefs to set off sinning :  
Yet in this wretched world we toil,  
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

---

### ¶ The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark ;  
White is their colour, and behold my head.  
But must they have my brain : must they dispart  
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred ?  
Must dulnesse turn me to a clod ?  
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*



Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,  
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there  
I passe not, I, what of the rest become,  
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that dittie ;  
And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors.  
But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before  
Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,  
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,  
Brought you to Church well drest and clad :  
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,  
Honie of roses, whither wilt thou flie ?  
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane ?  
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie ?  
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,  
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,  
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their sharme :  
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.  
True beautie dwells on high : ours is a flame  
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.  
Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not ; take your way :  
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye  
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.  
Go birds of Spring : let winter have his fee ;  
Let a bleak palenelle chalk the doore,  
So all within be livelier then before.

## ¶ The Rose.

**P**Reſſe me not to take more pleaſure  
 In this world of ſugred lies,  
 And to uſe a larger meaſure  
 Then my ſtriſt, yet welcome ſize.

Fiſt, there is no pleaſure here :  
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,  
 Bluſhing woes, that look as clear  
 As if they could beautie ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,  
 Such delights I meant to ſay ;  
 There are no ſuch things to me,  
 Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe  
 Unto what you now adviſe :  
 Onely take this gentle roſe,  
 And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe ?  
 What is ſweeter ? yet it purgeth.  
 Purgings enmitie diſcloſe,  
 Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize  
 Be contracted to a roſe ;  
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,  
 But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flow'r doth judge and ſentence  
~~For~~ Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge :  
 For they all produce repentance,  
 And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not physick chuse :  
    Onely though I you oppose,  
Say that fairly I refuse,  
    For my answer is a rose.

---

¶ Discipline.

**T**Hrow away thy rod,  
Throw away thy wrath :  
    O my God,  
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire  
Unto thine is bent :  
    I aspire  
To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
I affect to own,  
    But by book,  
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :  
Though I halt in pace,  
    Yet I creep  
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;  
Love will do the deed :  
    For with love  
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;  
Love's a man of warre,  
    And can shoor,  
And can hit from farre.

Who can scape his bow ?  
 That which wrought on thee,  
     Brought thee low,  
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;  
 Though man frailties hath,  
     Thou art God :  
 Throw away thy wrath.

¶ *The Invitation.*

**C**ome ye hither all, whose taste  
     Is your waste ;  
 Save your cost, and mend your fare.  
 God is here prepar'd and drest,  
     And the feast ;  
 God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine  
     Doth define,  
 Naming you not to your good :  
 Weep what ye have drunk amisse,  
     And drink this,  
 Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain  
     Doth arraigne,  
 Bringing all your sinnes to sight :  
 Taste and fear not : God is here  
     In this cheer,  
 And on sinne doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy  
     Doth destroy,  
 While ye graze without your bounds :  
 Here is joy that drowneth quite  
     Your delight,  
 As a floud the lower grounds.

*Come*

Come ye hither all, whose love  
Is your dove,  
And exalts you to the skie :  
Here is love, which having breath  
Ev'n in death,  
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,  
And I shall  
Still invite, still call to thee :  
For it seems but just and right  
In my sight,  
Where is all, there all should be.

---

¶ *The Banquet.*

**VV**elcome sweet and sacred cheer,  
Welcome deare ;  
With me, in me, live and dwell :  
For thy neatnesse passeth sight,  
Thy delight  
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl  
Fills my soul,  
Such as is, and makes divine !  
Is some starre ( fled from the sphere )  
Melted there,  
As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread  
Made a head  
To subdue the smell of sinne ?  
Flow'rs, and gummes, and powders giving  
All their living,  
Left the enemy should winne ?

Doublelesse neither starre nor flower  
Hath the power  
Such a sweetnesse to impart :  
Onely God, who gives perfumes,  
Flesh assumes,  
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood  
Still are good,  
Yet being bruis'd are better sented :  
God, to show how farre his love  
Could improve,  
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,  
And on earth  
In delights of earth was drown'd ;  
God took bloud, and needs would be  
Spilt with me,  
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,  
In a cup  
Sweetly he doth meet my taste.  
But I still being low and short,  
Farre from court,  
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie  
To the skie :  
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see  
What I seek, for what I sue ;  
Him I view,  
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie  
Be my dittie,  
And take up my lines and life :  
Hearken under pain of death,  
Hands and breath,  
Strive in this, and love the strife.

---

¶ *The Posie.*

LET wits contest,  
And with their words and posies windows fill :  
*Lesse then the least*  
Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

This on my ring,  
This by my picture, in my book I write :  
Whether I sing,  
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,  
Comparisons go play, wit use thy will :  
*Lesse then the least*  
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

---

¶ *A Parodie.*

Souls joy, when thou art gone,  
And I alone,  
Which cannot be,  
Because thou dost abide with me,  
And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress  
The cheerfulness  
Of thy abode,  
And in my powers not stirre abroad,  
But leave me to my load :

H. 5.

O what a damp and shade  
 Doth me invade !  
 No stormy night  
 Can so afflict or so affright,  
 As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,  
 Lest want of aw  
 Make sinne appear ;  
 And when thou dost but shine lesse clear,  
 Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,  
 While sinne doth rave,  
 And falsely boast,  
 That I may seek, but thou art lost ;  
 Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold  
 Doth me infold !  
 I half beleeve  
 That Sinne sayes true : but while I grieve,  
 Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ *The Elixir.*

**T**Each me, my God and King,  
 In all things thee to see ;  
 And what I do in any thing,  
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,  
 To runne into an action ;  
 But still to make thee prepossest,  
 And give it his perfection.



A man that looks on glasse,  
On it may stay his eye;  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,  
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake :  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgerie divine.  
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold :  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for lesse be told.

---

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deserved praise,  
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,  
I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,  
My crooked winding wayes wherein I live,  
Wherein I die, not live : for life is straight,  
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,  
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,  
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.  
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,  
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,  
Know them and practise them : then shall I give  
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

¶ Death.

## ¶ Death.

**D**Eath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,  
 Nothing but bones,  
 The sad effect of sadder grones :  
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six  
 Or ten yeares hence,  
 After the losse of life and sense,  
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short ;  
 Where we did find  
 The shells of sledge souls left behind,  
 Drie dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some bloud  
 Into thy face,  
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
 Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,  
 As at dooms-day ;  
 When souls shall wear their new aray,  
 And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
 Half that we have  
 Unto an honest faithfull grave ;  
 Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ *Dooms-day.*

g,  
Come away,  
Make no delay.  
Summon all the dust to rise,  
Till it stirre, and rubbe the eyes;  
While this member jogs the other,  
Each one whispering, *Live ye, brother?*

Come away,  
Make this the day.  
Dust, alas, no musick feels,  
But thy trumpeter : then it kneels,  
As peculiar notes and strains  
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains:

Come away,  
O make no stay !  
Let the graves make their confession;  
Lest at length they plead possession :  
Fleashes stubbornnesse may have  
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,  
Thy flock doth stray.  
Some to winds their bodie lend,  
And in them may drown a friend :  
Some in noysome vapours grow  
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,  
Help our decay.  
Man is out of order hurl'd,  
Parcell'd out to all the world.  
Lord, thy broken consort raise,  
And the musick shall be praise.

¶ *Judge.*

## ¶ Judgement.

**A**lmighty Judge, how shall poore wretches brook  
 Thy dreadfull look,  
 Able an heart of iron to appall,  
 When thou shalt call  
 For ev'ry mans peculiar book ?

What others mean to do, I know not well :  
 Yet I heare tell,  
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein  
 So void of sinne,  
 That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,  
 That to decline,  
 And thrust a testament into thy hand ;  
 Let that be scann'd :  
 There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

---

## ¶ Heaven.

**O** Who will show me those delights on high ?  
*Echo.* *I.*  
 Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.  
*Echo.* *No.*  
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?  
*Echo.* *Leaves.*  
 And are there any leaves that still abide ?  
*Echo.* *Bide.*  
 What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.  
*Echo.* *Holy.*  
 Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse ?  
*Echo.* *Yes.*  
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?  
*Echo.* *Light.*

Light

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

*Echo.* *Joy.*

But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure ?

*Echo.* *Leisure.*

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?

*Echo.* *Ever.*

---

¶ *Love.*

**L**ove bade me welcome : yet my soul drew back,  
Guilty of dust and sinne.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack  
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :

Love said, You shall be he.

I the unkind, ungratefull ? Ah my deare,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

Who made the eyes but I ?

Truth Lord ; but I have marr'd them : let my shame

Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame ?

My deare, then I will serve.

You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat :

So I did sit and eat.

F I N I S.

*Glorie be to God on high, and on earth peace,  
good will towards men.*

## ¶ The Church militant.



Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious  
 throne  
 Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one :  
 The smallest ant or atome knows thy  
 power,  
 Known also to each minute of an houre:  
 Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,  
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,  
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought  
 Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.  
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove  
 Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.  
 Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,  
 Which might the more indeare it to be thine.  
 Spices come from the east ; so did thy Spouse,  
 Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs  
 Of *Noahs* shadie vine, chaste as the dove ;  
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.  
 The course was westward, that the sunne might light  
 As well our understanding as our sight.  
 Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began  
 To bring the other ark from *Canaan*.  
*Moses* pursu'd this: but king *Solomon*  
 Finisht and fixt the old religion.  
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain  
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.  
 But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,  
 Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.  
 Onely whereas the Ark in glory shone,  
 Now with the crosse, as with a staff, alone,  
 Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doores ever as she went.

Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,  
Listens behind him, and allowes some light,

Till all depart : so went the Church her way ;

Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay

Among the eastern nations for a time,

Till both removed to the western clime.

To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove

Wonders of anger once, but now of love.

The ten Cominandments there did flourish more

Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.

Holy *Macarius* and great *Antonie*

Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.

*Goshen* was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,

*Nilus* for monsters brought forth Israelites.

Such power hath mighty Baptisme to produce

For things mishapen, things of highest use.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

*Who may with thee compare ?*

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts

Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.

Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,

Sophisters taken in a fishers net.

*Plato* and *Aristotle* were at a losse,

And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.

Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,

And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.

Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,

And *Rome* as both ; yet *Egypt* faster rid,

And spent her period and prefixed time

Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,

Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,

Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.

The Warriour his deere skarres no more resounds,

But seems to yeeld *Christ* hath the greater wounds ;

Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,

Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The

The great heart stoups, and taketh from the dust  
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;  
 Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again  
 Him in his members, who for him was slain.  
 The Shepherds hook grew to a sceptre here,  
 Giving new names and numbers to the year.  
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them  
 Who were cut short in *Alexanders* steeme.  
 In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame  
 And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came:  
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,  
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.  
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,  
 (As dying things are wont) untill it flew  
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,  
 And there the Churches festivall attending:  
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,  
 (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)  
 So they might still, and point us out the place  
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.  
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;  
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.  
*Spain* in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,  
 But *England* in the higher victorie;  
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,  
 And not g<sup>o</sup>lesse then she had done of late.  
*Constantines* British line meant this of old,  
 And did this mysterie wrap up and fold  
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent  
 From Times great Chronicle, and hither sent.  
 Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran  
 Unto the farthest old meridian.

*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*

*Who may with thee compare?*

Much about one and the same time and place,  
 Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sinne



Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,  
And travell'd westward also: journeying on  
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,  
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.  
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow  
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow;  
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,  
Who for a god clearly a faller lost.  
Ah! what a thing is man devoid of grace,  
Adoring garlick with an humble face,  
Begging his food of that which he may eat,  
Starving the while he worshipping his meat!  
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,  
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!  
What wretchednesse can give him any room,  
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?  
None will beleve this now, though money be  
In us the same transplanted foolerie.  
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;  
His higheft was an ox or crocodile,  
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe;  
And being craftier much then goodnesse was,  
He left behind him garisons of sinnes,  
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.  
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed  
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:  
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell  
As well what should befall, as what befell.  
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve  
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.  
The world came both with hands and purses full  
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.  
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit;  
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait  
To credit him, and to discredit those  
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome* : and as before  
 He was a God, now he's an Emperour.  
*Nero* and others lodg'd him bravely there,  
 Put him in trust to rule the *Romane* sphere.  
 Glorie was his chief instrument of old :  
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold,  
 Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,  
 That though our Saviour did destroy the game,  
 Disparking oracles and all their treasure,  
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;  
 Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy  
 Cheat the most subtil nations. Who so coy,  
 So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt* ? yet their hearts  
 Are given over, for their curious arts,  
 To such Mahometan stupidities,  
 As the old heathen would deem prodigies.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !*

*who may with thee compare ?*

Onely the West and *Rome* do keep them free  
 From this contagious infidelitie.  
 And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,  
 As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.  
 Sinne, being not able to extirpate quite  
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night  
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre :  
 The old debauched ruffian would turn wriker.  
 I saw him in his studie, where he sat  
 Busie in controversies sprung of late.  
 A gown and pen became him wondrous well :  
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell :  
 Onely there was a handsome picture by,  
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.  
 As sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,  
 And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour ;  
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe  
 To make a jest of *Christ's* three offices :

The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were  
United now in one both time and sphere,  
From *Egypt* he took petrie deities,  
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,  
And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure,  
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.  
Then, in memoriall of his ancient throne,  
He did surname his palace *Babylon*.  
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,  
And make that name good by their transmigrations;  
From all these places, but at divers times,  
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:  
From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,  
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelineesse:  
And blending these, he carri'd all mens eyes,  
While Truth sat by, counting his victories:  
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use  
Such force as once did captivate the *Jews*;  
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation  
Into a voluntarie transmigration.  
All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks  
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.  
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,  
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and surre.  
Therefore he sent out able ministers,  
Statemen within, without doores cloisterers:  
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme  
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;  
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,  
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.  
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;  
So both together are one Antichrist,  
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was;  
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*  
*Who may with thee compare?*

Thus

Thus sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;  
Yet not as sinne, but as Religion.  
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,  
And to defray his journey from the east.  
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,  
As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.  
When th'one did set, the other did take place,  
Confronting equally the law and grace.  
They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest :  
They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th'east and west.  
But as in vice the copie still exceeds  
The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds ;  
So, though Sinne made his latter seat the better,  
The latter Church is to the first a debter.  
The second Temple could not reach the first :  
And the late reformation never durst  
Compare with ancient times and purer yeares ;  
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.  
Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade ;  
Till such a darknesse do the world invade  
At Christs last coming, as his first did find :  
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd  
To these diminishings, as is between  
The spacious world and *Jewrie* to be seen.  
Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,  
Ready to passe to the *American* strand.  
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,  
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts  
(The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup  
Unto the brim, and make our measure up :  
When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*  
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :  
When *Italie* of us shall have her will,  
And all her calendar of sinnes fulfill ;  
Whereby one may foretell, what sinnes next yeare  
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee :  
They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.  
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,  
By carrying first their gold from them away :  
For gold and grace did never yet agree:  
Religion alwayes sides with povertie.  
We think we rob them, but we think amisse :  
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.  
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace  
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place  
To go to them, while that which now their nation  
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.  
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,  
So sinne shall trace and dog her instantly :  
They have their period also and set times  
Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.  
And where of old the Empire and the Arts  
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,  
*Spain* hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,  
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smoe.  
That when they have accomplished the round, (ther :  
And met in th'east their first and ancient sound,  
Judgement may meet them both & search them round.  
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,  
Light one another, and together runne.  
Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still  
The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.  
But as the Sunne still goes both west and east ;  
So also did the Church by going west  
Still eastward go ; because it drew more neare  
To time and place, where judgement shall appear.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !*  
*who may with thee compare ?*

¶ L' Envoy.



## ¶ L' Envoy.

**K**ing of Glorie, King of Peace,  
 With the one make warre to cease;  
 With the other blesse thy sheep,  
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.  
 Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,  
 Bragging that thy bloud is cold,  
 That thy death is also dead,  
 While his conquests daily spread;  
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,  
 And thy Crosse is common wood.  
 Choke him, let him say no more,  
 But reserve his breath in store,  
 Till thy conquests and his fall  
 Make his sighs to use it all,  
 And then bargain with the wind  
 To discharge what is behind.

*Blessed be God alone,  
 Thrice blessed Three in One.*

F I N I S.

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FINIS.



THE 2\* 135  
TEMPLE.  
SACRED POEMS,  
AND  
PRIVATE EJA-  
CULATIONS.

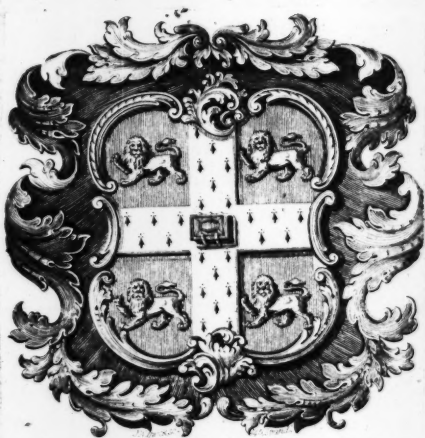
By M<sup>r</sup>. GEORGE HERBERT,  
late Oratour of the Universitie  
of Cambridge.

*John* The fifth Edition. *Early*

*Jonah* PSAL. 29. *Inman*  
*In his Temple doth every man*  
*speak of his honour.*

*Jonathan*  *Clapham*

Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel,  
printers to the Universitie  
of Cambridge, 1638.



Academia Cantabrigiensis  
Liber.

~~216.01~~

63:45



## The Printers to the Reader.

**H**e dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majesty* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more then is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Oratourship in the Universtie, together with that knowledge which the kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at Gods Altar, then to seek the ho-

nour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service : Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master.*

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word : so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church ; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

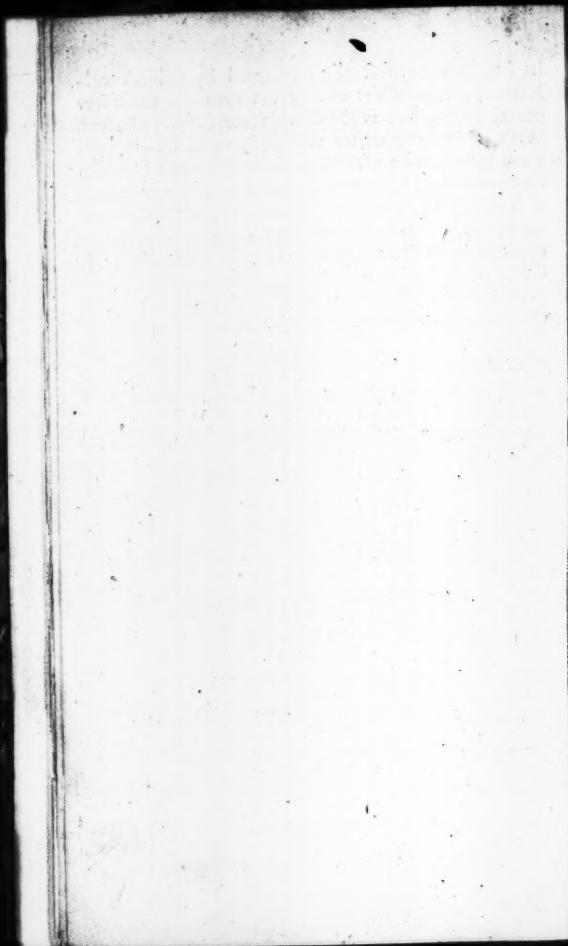
As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruined almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof,  
having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ*: Otherwise then in this respect he could find nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour;

*Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.*







## ¶ The Dedication.

**L**Ord, my first-fruits present themselves to thee ;  
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,  
And must return. Accept of them and me,  
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.  
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain :  
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.





THE

OF THE

OF THE

# The Church-porch.

## *Perirrhanterium.*

**T**Hou, whose sweet youth and early hopes  
inhanse  
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a  
treasure;  
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance  
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.  
A verse may finde him, who a sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust: it doth pollute and foul  
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood.  
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;  
The holy lines cannot be understood.  
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,  
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord  
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;  
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;  
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stayes.  
Continnence hath his joy: weigh both; and so  
If rottenesse have more, let Heaven go.

God had laid all common, certainly  
An would have been th'incloser: but since now  
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary  
An breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.  
O what were man, might he himself misplace!  
Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

A

Drink

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,  
 When once it is within thee ; but before  
 Mayst rule it, as thou list : and poure the shame,  
 Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.

It is most just to throw that on the ground,  
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill  
 Bigge with his sister : he hath lost the reins,  
 Is outlawd by himself : all kind of ill  
 Did with his liquour slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deuest  
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung mind,  
 Lose all mine own ? God hath giv'n me a measure  
 Short of his canne and body : must I find  
 A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?  
 Stay at the third glasse : if thou lose thy hold,  
 Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room,  
 ( All in a shipwrack shift their severall way )  
 Let not a common ruine thee intombe :  
 Be not a beast in courtesie ; but stay,  
 Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.  
 Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonneffe,  
 Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glorie.  
 Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse ;  
 But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie :  
 He makes flat warre with God, and doth desie  
 With his poore clod of earth the spacious skie.

## The Church-porch.

3

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :  
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.  
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :  
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice,  
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing:  
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein  
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need :  
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.  
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.  
Play not away the vertue of that name,  
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame,

The cheapest sinnes most dearly punisht are ;  
Because to shun them also is so cheap :  
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.  
O crumble not away thy soules fair heap.  
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :  
Pride and full sinnes have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;  
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie  
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.  
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie  
Against thee : for his light was onely lent. (there  
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those fea-  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

*The Church-porch.*

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:  
 If studious, copie fair what time hath blurr'd;  
 Redeem truth from his jaws: if souldier,  
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword  
 Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,  
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England full of sinne, but most of sloth!  
 Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glory:  
 Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth  
 Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy story:  
 Not that they all are so; but that the most  
 Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.  
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne:  
 Some mark a partridge, never their chilles fashion:  
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.  
 Studie this art, make it thy great designe;  
 And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed  
 A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby:  
 Or els they breed them tender, make them need  
 All that they leave: this is flat povertie.  
 For he that needs five thousand pound to live,  
 Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill  
 His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches:  
 For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill  
 To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.  
 But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,  
 Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

## *The Church-porch.*

5

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)  
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.

Constance knits the bones, and makes us flowre,  
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:

What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:

Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.

Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:

Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:

Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomack call;

Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;

And say withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,  
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?

Houses are built by rule, and common wealths.

Entice the trustie sunne, if that you can,

From his Ecliptick line; becken the skie.

Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of rules, a well-trust'd pack,

Whose every parcell under-writes a law.

Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way:

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

*The Church-porch.*

By all means use sometimes to be alone.  
 Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.  
 Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:  
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
 He breaks up house, turns out of doores his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give  
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.  
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;  
 Then live, and use it: else, it is not true  
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make  
 Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,  
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,  
 As the day lessens, and his life with it.  
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;  
 Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;  
 Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme  
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devil;  
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.  
 Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick  
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold  
 About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;  
 Take starres for money; starres not to be told  
 By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wastfull as the scraping dame:  
 She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

## *The Church-porch.*

7

By no means runne in debt : take thine own measure.  
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,  
Cannot on fourtie : he's a man of pleasure,  
A kind of thing that's for it self too deare.  
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,  
And spares himself, but would his tayler chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes  
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,  
Would have their tale beleev'd for their oathes,  
And are like emptie vessels under sail.  
Old courtiers know this : therefore set out so;  
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handfomenesse doth bear the bell.  
Wisdomes a trimmer thing then shopes re gave.  
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;  
But, This with my discretion will be brave.  
Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing  
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more  
Then he can lose with pleasure, Rakes his heart;  
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:  
Servants and churches also play their part.  
Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,  
Finds his crackt name at length in the church-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deare a rate,  
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:  
Dost lose? rise up: dost winne? rise in that state.  
Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.  
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace  
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.



In Conversation boldnesse now bears sway.  
 But know that nothing can so foolish be,  
 As empty boldnesse; therefore first assay  
 To stuff thy minde with solid bravery;  
 Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth,  
 Boldnesse gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre?  
 Then keep such company; make them thy allay:  
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.  
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.  
 Command thy self in chief. He lifes warre knows,  
 Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak  
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.  
 Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:  
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;  
 And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;  
 And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,  
 'Tis a thin web, which poysonous fancies make:  
 But the great souldiers honour was compos'd  
 Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.  
 Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest;  
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs least:  
 For wit is news onely to ignorance.  
 Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest  
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.  
 Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly  
 That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

## *The Church-porch.*

9

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,  
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse.  
These are the scum, with which course wits abound:  
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.  
All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain  
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking  
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.  
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking :  
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.  
Many affecting wit beyond their power,  
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,  
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.  
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection  
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.  
Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,  
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse:  
That ~~temper~~ gives them theirs, and yet doth take  
Nothing from thine: in service, care or coldnesse  
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.  
Feed no man in his sinnes : for adulation  
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatnesse : for thou mak'st thereby  
Thy self the worse, and so the distance greater.  
Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,  
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,  
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite;  
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light:

A 5

When

When baseness is exalted, do not bate  
 The place its honour, for the persons sake.  
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;  
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.  
 I care not though the cloth of State should be  
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie.

Thy friend put in thy bosome: wear his eyes  
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.  
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;  
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear:  
 But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,  
 Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.  
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give  
 My childrens right, nor ought he take it; rather  
 Both friends should die, then binder them to live.  
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;  
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground  
 Submit to love; but yet not more then all.  
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound  
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.  
 God made me one man; love makes me no more,  
 Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,  
 All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie.  
 Usefulnessse comes by labour, wit by ease;  
 Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.  
 Get a good stock of these, then draw the card:  
 That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;  
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure :  
( But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,  
Rather then shew his cards ) steal from his treasure  
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock  
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all  
That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,  
And give men turns of speech : do not forestall  
By lavishnesse thine own and others wit,  
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest  
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fiercenesse makes  
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie. +  
Why should I feel another mans mistakes  
More then his sicknesses or povertie ?  
In love I should : but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdom neither : therefore gently move.

Calmnesse is great advantage : he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets ;  
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.  
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there  
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes : for many are  
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.  
Take all into thee ; then with equall care  
Balance each dramme of reason, like a potion.  
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :  
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be usefull where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.  
 Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way  
 To compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,  
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse  
 To that one joy of doing kindnesse.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;  
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:  
 Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky,  
 Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.  
 A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse  
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,  
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.  
 Blacknesse breeds worms; but the sure traveller,  
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.  
 Active and stirring spirits live alone.  
 Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be  
 In love or honour: take account of all;  
 Shine like the sunne in every corner: see  
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.  
 Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;  
 And to instruct them, will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;  
 (Love is a present for a mighty king)  
 Much lesse make any one thineemie.  
 As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.  
 The cunning workman never doth refuse  
 The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All forrein wisdom doth amount to this,  
To take all that is given; whether wealth,  
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse:  
A good digestion turneth all to health:  
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,  
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize  
All forrein of that name; but scorn their ill:  
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities.  
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.  
If thou observeest strangers in each fit,  
In time they'll runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,  
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.  
Slovens take up their stock of noisomnesse  
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.  
Let thy minds sweetnesse have his operation  
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.  
Think heay'n a better bargain then to give  
Onely thy single market-money for it.  
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.  
Give to all somethings to a good poore man,  
Til thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is  
Christs stamp to boot: both images regard.  
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:  
Write, *So much giv'n to God; thou shalt be heard.*  
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate  
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore

Restore to God his due in tithe and time :  
 A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.  
 Sundayes observe : think, when the bells do chime,  
 'Tis angels musick ; therefore come not late.  
 God then deals blessings : If a king did so,  
 Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show ?

Twice on the day his due is understood ;  
 For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.  
 Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the food,  
 Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.  
 Thwart not th' Almighty God : O be not crosse.  
 Fast when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,  
 Yet publick hath more promises, more love : +  
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a signe.  
 We all are but cold suiters ; let us move  
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;  
 Pray with the most : for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.  
 God is more there then thou : for thou art there  
 Onely by his permission. Then beware,  
 And make thy self all reverence and fear.  
 Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy state.  
 All equall are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :  
 Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;  
 Say not for th' other pin : why, thou hast lost  
 Joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest.  
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,  
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,  
And send them to thine heart ; that spying sinne,  
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :  
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.  
Who marks in church-time others symmetrie,  
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part :  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.  
Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou thy heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together  
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well :  
For churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge :  
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speak something good : if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.  
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.  
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine  
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expression :  
How know'st thou but thy sinnes made him miscarrie ?  
Then turn thy faults and his into confession :  
God sent him, whatsoe're he be : O tarry,  
And love him for his Master : his condition,  
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None



None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,  
As those who mock at Godsway of salvation.  
Whom oyl and balsams kill, what salve can cure?  
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.  
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.  
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay  
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.  
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.  
Deferre not the least vertue: lifes poore span  
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.  
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:  
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.



¶ Superliminare.

**T**Hou, whom the former precepts have  
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave  
Thy self in church; approach, and taste  
The churches mysticall repast.

---

**A**Void profanenesse, come not here:  
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,  
Or that which groweth to be so,  
May at his peril further go.



¶ The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,  
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,

Whose parts are as thy hand did frames;  
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone  
Is such a stone,  
As nothing but  
Thy power doth cut,  
Wherefore each part  
Of my hard heart  
Meets in this frame,  
To praise thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,  
These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,  
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.



The Sacrifice.

**O**H all ye, who passe by, whose eyes and mind  
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;  
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.  
*Was ever grief like mine ?*

The Princes of my people make a head  
Against their Maker : they do wish me dead,  
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread.  
*Was ever grief like mine ?*

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,  
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.  
They use that power against me, which I gave.  
*Was ever grief like mine ?*

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,  
Though he had all I had, did not forbear  
To sell me also, and to put me there.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

For thirty pence he did my death devise,  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure  
Drops bloud (the onely beads ) my words to measure :  
Oh let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,  
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,  
Curing all wounds, but mine ; all, but my fears.  
*Was ever grief, &c.*

Yet my Disciples sleep : I cannot gain  
One houre of watching ; but their drowlie brain  
Comforts not me , and doth my doctrine stain.

*Was ever grief like mine ?*

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne !  
Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !  
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne !

*Was ever grief, &c.*

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,  
Who am the way of truth, the true relief ;  
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse ?  
Canst thou find hell about my lips ? and misse  
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse ?

*Was ever grief, &c.*

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands  
Of faith, but furie : yet at their commands  
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a barre  
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that starre  
That brought the wise-men of the East from farr.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then from one ruler to another bound  
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound  
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

The priest and rulers all false witnesse seek  
Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek  
And ready Paschal Lambe of this great week.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Then

## The Church.

22

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,  
That I did thrust into the Deitie,  
Who never thought that any robberie.

ine ?

*was ever grief like mine?*

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore  
In three dayes ras'd, and raised as before.  
Why, he that built the world can do much more.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,  
Which I do give them daily, unto death.  
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.

*was ever grief, &c.*

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he  
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;  
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

*was ever grief, &c.*

*Herod* and all his bands do set me light,  
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,  
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.

*was ever grief, &c.*

*Herod* in judgement sits, while I do stand  
Examines me with a censorious hand:  
I him obey, who all things else command.

*was ever grief, &c.*

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulnesse;  
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,  
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse.

*was ever grief, &c.*

I answer nothing, but with patience prove  
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.  
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?

*was ever grief, &c.*

en

My

My silence rather doth augment their crie ;  
 My dove doth back into my bosome flie,  
 Because the raging waters still are high.

*Was ever grief like mine ?*

Heark how they cry aloud still, *Crucifie :*

*It is not fit he live a day,* they crie,  
 Who cannot live lesse then eternally.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

*Pilate,* a stranger, holdeth off ; but they,  
 Mine own deare people, cry, *Away, Away,*  
 With noises confused frightening the day.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,  
 Putting my life among their sinnes and fears,  
 And therefore with *my bloud on them and theirs.*

*Was ever grief, &c.*

See how spite cankers things ! These words aright  
 Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light :  
 Buthony is their gall, brightnesse their night.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

They choose a murderer, and all agree  
 In him to do themselves a curtesie :  
 For it was their own cause who killed me.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

And a seditious murderer he was :  
 But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth passe  
 All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Why, Cesar is their onely King, not I :  
 He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie ;  
 But surely not their hearts, as I well trie.

*Was ever grief, &c.*

Ab !

Ah ! how they scourge me ! yet my tenderneſſe  
Doubles each laſh : and yet their bitterneſſe  
Windes up my grief to a myſteriouſneſſe.

*was ever grief like mine ?*

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,  
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my liſt,  
And never yet whom I would puniſh, miſs'd.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe,  
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,  
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies.

*was ever grief, &c.*

My face they cover, though it be divine.  
As *Moses* face was vailed, ſo is mine,  
Left on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie :  
*Now prophesie who ſtrikes thee*, is their dittie.  
So they in me deny themſelves all pitie.

*was ever grief, &c.*

And now I am deliver'd unto death,  
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,  
That he before me wellnigh ſuffereth.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept  
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept :  
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.

*was ever grief, &c.*

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall ;  
There they deride me, they abuſe me all :  
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.

*was ever grief, &c.*

Then



## ¶ H. Baptisme.

**A**S he that sees a dark and shady grove,  
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on theskie;  
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove  
 More backward still, and to that water flie,  
 Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and vent  
 Is in my deare Redeemers pierced side.  
 O blessed streams! either ye do prevent  
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,  
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.  
 In you Redemption measures all my time,  
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime.  
 You taught the book of life my name, that so  
 What ever future finnes should me miscall,  
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

---

## ¶ H. Baptisme.

**S**ince, Lord, to thee  
 A narrow way and little gate  
 Is all the passage, on my infancie  
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate  
 My faith in me.  
 O let me still  
 Write thee great God, and me a child;  
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,  
 Small to my self, to others mild,  
 Behither ill.  
 Although by stealth  
 My flesh get on; yet let her sister  
 My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:  
 The growth of flesh is but a blister;  
 Childhood is health.

¶ Nature.

Full of rebellion, I would die,  
For fight, or travel, or denie  
That thou hast ought to do with me.

O tame my heart !  
It is thy highest art  
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venime lurk,  
And in suggestions fume and work,  
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,  
And thence by kind  
Vanish into a wind,  
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there  
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear :  
Or make a new one, since the old  
Is saplesse grown,  
And a much fitter stone  
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

---

¶ Sinne.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round !  
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters  
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound  
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all fizes,  
Fine nets and stratagemes to catch us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefultnesse,  
 The sound of glory ringing in our eares :  
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;  
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray  
 One cunning bolome-finne blows quite away.

---

### ¶ Affliction.

**W**Hen first thou didst entice to thee my heart,  
 I thought the service brave :  
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,  
 Besides what I might have  
 Out of my stock of naturall delights,  
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,  
 And made it fine to me :  
 Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,  
 And 'tice me unto thee.  
 Such starres I counted mine : both heav'n and earth  
 Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,  
 Where joyes my fellows were ?  
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved  
 No place for grief or fear.  
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,  
 And made her youth and fiercenesse seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesse ;  
 I had my wish and way :  
 My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse ;  
 There was no moneth but May.  
 But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,  
 And made a party unawares for wo.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,  
Sicknesse cleave my bones ;  
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,  
And tune my breath to groans;  
Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce beleev'd,  
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I liv'd.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,  
And more ; for my friends die:  
My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife  
Was of more use then I.  
Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,  
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took  
The way that takes the town,  
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,  
And wrap me in a gown.  
I was entangled in the world of strife,  
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,  
Not simpring all mine age,  
Thou often didst with Academick praise  
Melt and dissolve my rage.  
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where  
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happie be  
In my unhappinesse,  
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me  
Into more sicknesse.  
Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making  
Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me

None of my books will show;

I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;

For sure then I should grow

To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust

Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;

In weaknesse must be stout;

Well, I will change the service, and go seek

Some other master out.

Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,

Let me not love thee, if I love thee not,

### ¶ Repentance.

Lord, I confesse my sinne is great;

Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat  
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentanie bloom;

Whose life still pressing

Is one undressing,

A steady aiming at a tombe,

Mans age is two houres work, or three:

Each day doth round about us see.

Thus are we to delights: but we are all

To sorrows old,

If life be told

From what life feeleth, Adams fall,

O let thy height of mercie then

Compassionate short-breathed men.

Cut me not off for my most foul transgression,

I do confesse

My foolishnesse;

My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,  
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul :  
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather ;  
For if thou stay,  
I and this day,  
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,  
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan :  
Bitternesse fills our bowels ; all our hearts  
Pine and decay,  
And drop away,  
And carrie with them th' other parts.  
But thou wilt sinne and grief destroy ;  
That so the broken bones may joy,  
And tune together in a well-set song,  
Full of his praises,  
Who dead men raises.  
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

---

¶ *Faith.*

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease  
Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight was dimme  
And could see little, to regard his ease,  
And bring by Faith all things to him ?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat :  
I did conceit a most delicious feast ;  
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,  
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish roor,  
Which when I could not get, I thought it here :  
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,  
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thousands and much more ;  
 I did beleeve that I did nothing ow,  
 And liv'd accordingly : my creditour  
 Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all  
 That I beleeve is in the sacred storie :  
 And where finne placeth me in Adams fall,  
 Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,  
 What can be lower then the common manger ?  
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took  
 Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,  
 None but the wise or strong had gained it :  
 Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;  
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much  
 As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.  
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch  
 While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no reall light  
 Inherent in them, thou didst make the sunne  
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright ;  
 And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean  
 With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eye,  
 Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene :  
 And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my body runne to dust ?  
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain  
 With an exact and most particular trust,  
 Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ *Prayer.*

**P**ayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,  
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth,  
Engine against th'Almightie, sinners towre,  
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
The six-dayes world-transposing in an houre,  
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear,  
Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,  
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,  
Church-bells beyond the starres heard, the souls  
The land of spices, something understood.

---

¶ *The H. Communion.*

**N**Ot in rich furniture, or fine aray,  
Nor in a wedge of gold,  
Thou, who for me wast sold,  
To me dost now thy self convey ;  
For so thou should'st without me still have been,  
Leaving within me sinne :  
But by the way of nourishment and strength,  
Thou creep'st into my breast ;  
Making thy way my rest,  
And thy small quantities my length ;  
Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,  
Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yet



Yet can these not get over to my soul,  
 Leaping the wall that parts  
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;  
 But as th'outworks, they may controll  
 My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy name,  
 Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,  
 Knoweth the ready way,  
 And hath the privie key,  
 Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms:  
 While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend  
 Dispatches from their friend.

**G**ive me my captive soul, or take  
 My body also thither.  
 Another lift like this will make  
 Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,  
 And all our lump to leaven;  
 A fervent sigh might well have blown  
 Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know  
 To sinne, or sinne to smother;  
 He might to heav'n from paradise go,  
 As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease  
 By this thy heav'nly blood,  
 Which I can go to, when I please,  
 And leave th'earth to their food.

¶ *Antiphon.*

¶ *Antiphon.*

*Cho.* **L**et all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

*Vers.* The heav'ns are not too high,  
His praise may thither flie :  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

*Cho.* Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

*Vers.* The church with psalmes must shout,  
No doore can keep them out :  
But above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.

*Cho.* Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
*My God and King.*

---

¶ *Love I.*

**I**Mmortall Love, authour of this great frame,  
Sprung from that beautie which can never fade ;  
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,  
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain !  
Which siding with invention, they together  
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,  
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit :

The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,  
Thou standing by : and though thy glorious name  
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who sings thy praise ? onely a scarf or glove (love.  
Doth warm our hands , and make them write of

## II.

**I**Mmortall Heat, O let thy greater flame  
Attract the lesser to it : let those fires,  
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,  
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.  
Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our brain  
All her invention on thine Altar lay,  
And there in hymnes send back thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust ;  
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :  
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,  
Who wert disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bowe to thee ; all wits shall rise,  
And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

## ¶ The Temper.

**H**ow should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my  
Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (rhymes  
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,  
My soul might ever feel !

Al.

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns; or more,  
Sometimes I peer above them all;  
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;  
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;  
Those distances belong to thee:  
The world's too little for thy tent,  
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch  
A crumbe of dust from heav'n to hell?  
Will great God measure with a wretch?  
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,  
O let me roost and nestle there:  
Then of a sinner thou art rid,  
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:  
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:  
This is but tuning of my breast,  
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,  
Thy hands made both, and I am there.  
Thy power and love, my love and trust  
Make one place ev'ry where.

---

¶ *The Temper.*

I T cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,  
Which just now took up all my heart?  
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,  
Save that, and me, or sinne for both destroy.

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art ;  
 But thy diviner world of grace  
 Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raiſe,  
 And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers  
 May alſo fix their reverence :  
 For when thou doſt depart from hence,  
 They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee :  
 Though elements change, and heaven move,  
 Let not thy higher Court remove,  
 But keep a ſtanding Majeſtie in me.

### ¶ *Jordan.*

**W**Ho ſayes that fictions onely and falſe hair  
 Become a verſe ? Is there in truth no beautie ?  
 Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair ?  
 May no lines paſſe, except they do their dutie  
 Not to a true, but painted chair ?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves  
 And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpunne lines ?  
 Muſt purling ſtreams reſreſh a lovers loves ?  
 Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,  
 Catching the ſenſe at two removes ?

Shepherds are honeſt people ; let them ſing :  
 Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime :  
 I envie no mans nightingale or ſpring :  
 Nor let them puniſh me with loſſe of rhyme,  
 Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ *Employ-*

¶ Employment.

**I**F as a flower doth spreade and die,  
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,  
Before I were by frosts extremitie  
Nipt in the bud,

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine :  
But the extension and the room,  
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine  
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,  
The greater shall our glorie be.  
The measure of our joyes is in this place,  
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend  
A life as barren to thy praise,  
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,  
But with delays.

All things are busie; onely I  
Neither bring hony with the bees,  
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandrie  
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,  
But all my companie is a weed.  
Lord place me in thy consort; give one strain  
To my poore reed.

## ¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

O H book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart  
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,  
Precious for any grief in any part;  
To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make  
A full eternitie: thou art a masse  
Of strange delights, where we may wish & take  
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well  
That washes what it shows. Who can indeare  
Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger  
Working against the states of death and hell. (here)

Thou art joyes handsel: heav'n lies flat in thee  
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

## I I.

O H that I knew how all thy lights combine,  
And the configurations of their glorie!  
Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,  
But all the constellations of the florie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion  
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:  
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,  
These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such

*The Church.*

51

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,  
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing  
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,  
And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse:  
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

---

¶ *Whitsunday.*

L Isten sweet Dove unto my song,  
And spreade thy golden wings in me;  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended  
On thy Apostles? thou didst then  
Keep open house, richly attended,  
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,  
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:  
The starres were coming down to know  
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone,  
Hung down his head, and wist for night,  
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one  
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought  
That cordiall water to our ground,  
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault  
Of those, who did themselves through their side wound



Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;  
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:  
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne  
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;  
 The same sweet God of love and light:  
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,  
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

---

### ¶ Grace.

**M**Y stock lies dead, and no increase  
 Doth my dull husbandrie improve:  
 O let thy graces without cease  
 Drop from above!

If still the funne should hide his face,  
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,  
 Thy works nights captives: O let grace  
 Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;  
 And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove?  
 The dew, for which grasse cannot call,  
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,  
 And digs my grave at each remove:  
 Let grace work too, and on my soul  
 Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart  
 Into a hardnesse, void of love:  
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,  
 Drop from above.

Come! for thou dost know the way.  
Or if to me thou wilt not move,  
Remove me where I need not say,  
*Drop from above.*

---

¶ *Praise.*

**T**O write a verse or two, is all the praise,  
That I can raise:  
Mend my estate in any wayes,  
Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I  
Will thither flie;  
Or, if I mount unto the skie,  
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse; there is no such thing  
As Prince or King:  
His arm is short; yet with a sling  
He may do more.

An herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
On the same floore,  
To a brave soul: exalt the poore,  
They can do more.

¶ *raise me then! Poore bees, that work all day,*  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work, as well as they,  
And much, much more.

---

¶ *Affliction.*

**K**ill me not ev'ry day,  
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me  
Is more then all my deaths can be,  
Though I in broken pay  
Die over each houre of Mithras's slay.